



G. Vandergucht Sculp.



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RULE A WIFE,
AND
HAVE A WIFE.
A 1489.7.16
COMEDY.

By BEAUMONT *and* FLETCHER.



L O N D O N:
Printed for J. and R. TONSON in the Strand

MDCCXLIV.

WIFE & WIFE

AND



HAIR

COMMEDY

THEATRE



LONDON
Printed by J. and R. Johnson in the Strand

MDCCLXXXV



PROLOGUE.

PLeasure attend ye, and about ye sit
The Springs of Mirth, Fancy, Delight and Wit,
To stir you up; do not your Looks let fall,
Nor to Remembrance our late Errors call,
Because this Day we are Spaniards all again,
The Story of our Play, and our Scene Spain:
The Errors too, do not for this Cause hate,
Now we present their Wit, and not their State.
Nor, Ladies, be not angry, if you see
A young fresh Beauty wanton, and too free,
Seek to abuse her Husband, still 'tis Spain,
No such gross Errors in your Kingdom reign;
We are Vestals all, and though we blow the Fire,
We seldom make it flame up to Desire;
Take no Example neither to begin,
For some by Precedent delight to sin:
Nor blame the Poet if he slip aside
Sometimes lasciviously, if not too wide.
But hold your Fans close, and then smile at ease,
A cruel Scene did never Lady please.
Nor, Gentlemen, pray be not you displeas'd,
Though we present some Men fool'd, some diseas'd,
Some drunk, some mad; we mean not you, you're free,
We tax no farther than our Comedy,
You are our Friends, sit noble then and see.

Dramatis Personæ.

M E N.

Duke of Medina.

Don Juan de Castro, a Spanish Colonel.

Sanchio,

Alonzo,

} Officers in the Army.

Michael Perez, the Copper Captain.

Leon, Brother to Altea, and by her Contrivance marry'd to Margarita.

Cacafogo, a rich Usurer.

W O M E N.

Margarita, a wanton Lady, marry'd to Leon, by whom she is reclaim'd.

Altea, her Servant.

Clara, a Spanish Lady.

Estifania, a Woman of Intrigue, marry'd to Perez.

Three Old Ladies.

An old Woman, and Maid.

SCENE, SPAIN.

RULE



RULE a W I F E,
AND
H A V E a W I F E.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Enter Juan de Castro, and Michael Perez.

M I C H A E L.



R E your Companies full, Colonel ?

Juan. No, not yet, Sir :

Nor will not be this Month yet, as I reckon.

How rises your Command ?

Mich. We pick up still, and as our Monies hold out,

We have Men come, about that time I think

We shall be full too ; many young Gallants go.

Juan. And unexperienc'd,

The Wars are dainty Dreams to young hot Spirits,
Time and Experience will allay those Visions,

We have strange Things to fill our Numbers ;
 There's one *Don Leon*, a strange goodly Fellow,
 Recommended to me from some noble Friends,
 For my *Alferes*, had you but seen his Person,
 And what a Giant's promise it protesteth.

Mich. I have heard of him, and that he hath serv'd
 before too.

Juan. But no harm done, nor never meant, *Don*
Michael,

That came to my Ears yet; ask him a Question,
 He blushes like a Girl, and answers little.
 To the Point less; he wears a Sword, a good one,
 And good Clothes too; he is whole skin'd, has no hurt
 yet,

Good promising Hopes; I never yet heard certainly
 Of any Gentleman that saw him angry.

Mich. Preserve him, he'll conclude a Peace, if need
 be,

Many as strong as he will go along with us,
 That swear as valiantly as Heart can wish,
 Their Mouths charg'd with six Oaths at once, and whole
 ones,

That make the drunken *Dutch* creep into Mole-hills.

Juan. 'Tis true, such we must look for: But, *Mich.*
Perez,

When heard you of *Donna Margarita*, the great
 Heiress?

Mich. I hear every Hour of her, though I never saw
 her,

She is the main Discourse: Noble *Don Juan de Castro*,
 How happy were that Man could catch this Wench up,
 And live at ease! she is Fair, and Young, and Wealthy;
 Infinite Wealthy, and as Gracious too
 In all her Entertainments, as Men report.

Juan. But she is proud, Sir, that I know for certain,
 And that comes seldom without Wantonness;
 He that shall marry her, must have a rare Hand.

Mich. Wou'd I were married, I wou'd find that
 Wisdom,

With a light Rein to rule my Wife. If ever Woman

Of

Have a Wife.

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Of the most subtil Mould went beyond me,
I would give the Boys leave to whoot me out o'th' Parish;

Enter a Servant.

Ser. Sir, there be two Gentlewomen attend to speak
With you.

Juan. Wait on 'em in.

Mich. Are they two handsome Women?

Ser. They seem so, very handsome; but they are
vail'd, Sir.

Mich. Thou put'st Sugar in my Mouth, how it melts
with me!

I love a sweet young Wench.

Juan. Wait on e'm in, I say.

[*Exit Servant.*]

Mich. *Don Juan.*

Juan. How you Itch, *Michael!* how you Burnish!
Will not this Soldier's Heat out of your Bones yet,
Do your Eyes glow now?

Mich. There be two.

Juan. Say honest, what Shame have you then?

Mich. I wou'd fain see that,
I have been in the *Indies* twice, and have seen strange
Things,

But two honest Women; ——— one I read of once.

Juan. Pr'ythee be modest.

Mich. I'll be any thing.

Enter Servant, Donna Clara, and Estifania,
vail'd.

Juan. You are welcome, Ladies.

Mich. Both hooded! I like 'em well though,
They come not for Advice in Law sure hither;
May be they wou'd learn to raise the Pike,
I am for 'em: They are very modest; 'tis a fine Pre-
ludium.

Juan. With me, or with this Gentleman,
Wou'd you speak, Lady?

Cla. With you, Sir, as I guess, *Juan de Castro.*

A 5

Mich.

Rule a Wife, and

Mich. Her Curtain opens, she is a pretty Gentlewoman.

Juan. I am the Man, and shall be bound to Fortune, I may do any Service to your Beauties.

Cla. Captain, I hear you are marching down to Flanders,

To serve the Catholick King.

Juan. I am, sweet Lady.

Cla. I have a Kinsman, and a noble Friend, Imploy'd in those Wars, may be, Sir, you know him, *Don Campusano*, Captain of Carbines, To whom I wou'd request your Nobleness, To give this poor Remembrance. [Gives a Letter.

Juan. I shall do it, I know the Gentleman, a most worthy Captain.

Cla. Something in private.

Juan. Step aside: I'll serve thee.

[Exit Juan and Clara.

Mich. Prythee let me see thy Face.

Estif. Sir, you must pardon me, Women of our sort, that maintain fair Memories, And keep suspect off from their Chastities, Had need wear thicker Vails.

Mich. I am no Blaster of a Lady's Beauty, Nor bold Intruder on her special Favours, I know how tender Reputation is, And with what Guards it ought to be preserv'd, Lady, You may to me.

Estif. You must excuse me, Signior, I come Not here to sell my self.

Mich. As I am a Gentleman, by the Honour of a Soldier.

Estif. I believe you.

I pray you be civil; I believe you wou'd see me, And when you have seen me I believe you will like me,

But in a strange Place, to a Stranger too, As if I came on purpose to betray you, Indeed I will not.

Mich. I shall love you dearly,

And

And 'tis a Sin to fling away Affection,
I have no Mistress, no Desire to honour
Any but you. Will not this Oyster open?
I know not, you have struck me with your Modesty;
She will draw sure; so deep and taken from me
All the Desire I might bestow on others;
Quickly before they come.

Estif. Indeed I dare not:
But since I see you are so desirous, Sir,
To view a poor Face that can merit nothing
But your Repentance.

Mich. It must needs be excellent.

Estif. And with what Honesty you ask it of me,
When I am gone let your Man follow me,
And view what House I enter, thither come,
For there I dare be bold to appear open:
And as I like your virtuous Carriage then,

Enter Juan, Clara, and Servant.

I shall be able to give welcome to you.
She hath done her Business, I must take my leave, Sir.

Mich. I'll kiss your fair white Hand, and thank you,
Lady.

My Man shall wait, and I shall be your Servant;
Sirrah, come near, hark.

Serv. I shall do it faithfully. *[Exit.]*

Juan. You will command me no more Services?

Clara. To be careful of your noble Health, dear Sir,
That I may ever honour you.

Juan. I thank you,
And kiss your Hands; wait on the Ladies down there.

[Exeunt Ladies and Servant.]

Mich. You had the Honour to see the Face that came
to you?

Juan. And 'twas a fair one; what was yours, Don
Michael?

Mich. Mine was i'th' Eclipse, and had a Cloud drawn
over it.

But

But I believe well, and I hope 'tis handsome,
She had a Hand would stir a holy Hermite.

Juan. You know none of 'em?

Mich. No.

Juan. Then I do, Captain,
But I'll say nothing till I see the Proof on't,
Sit close, *Don Perez*, or your Worship's caught.
I fear a Fly.

Mich. Were those she brought Love-Letters?

Juan. A Packet to a Kinsman now in *Flanders*,
Yours was very modest methought.

Mich. Some young unmanag'd Thing,
But I may live to see——

Juan. 'Tis worth Experience,
Let's walk abroad, and view our Companies. [*Exeunt.*]

Enter Sanchio, and Alonzo,

San. What, are you for the Wars, *Alonzo*?

Alon. It may be Ay,

It may be No, ev'n as the Humour takes me.

If I find Peace among the female Creatures,

And easy Entertainment, I'll stay at home,

I am not so far oblig'd yet to long Marches

And mouldy Biskets, to run mad for Honour,

When you are all gone I have my Choice before me.

San. Of which Hospital thou wilt sweat in; wilt thou
Never leave Whoring?

Alon. There is less Danger in't than gunning. *Sanchio*,
Though we be shot sometimes, the Shot's not mortal,
Besides. it breaks no Limbs.

San. But it disables 'em,

Dost thou see how thou pull'st thy Legs after thee,

As if they hung by Points?

Alon. Better to pull 'em thus, than walk on Wooden
ones,

Serve bravely for a Billet to support me.

San. Fy, fy, 'tis base.

Alon. Dost thou count it base to suffer?

Suffer abundantly? 'tis the Crown of Honour;

You

You think it nothing to lie twenty Days
Under a Surgeon's Hands that has no Mercy.

San. As thou hast done I am sure, but I perceive now
Why you desire to stay, the Orient Heirefs,
The *Margarita*, Sir.

Alon. I wou'd I had her.

San. They say she will marry.

Alon. I think she will.

San. And marry suddenly, as Report goes too,
She fears her Youth will not hold out, *Alonzo*.

Alon. I wou'd I had the sheathing on't.

San. They say too
She has a greedy Eye, that must be fed
With more than one Man's Meat.

Alon. Wou'd she were mine,
I wou'd Cater for her well enough; but *Sanchio*,
There be too many great Men that adore her;
Princes, and Princes Fellows, that claim Privilege.

San. Yet those stand off i'th' way of Marriage,
To be tyed to a Man's Pleasure is a second Labour.

Alon. She has bought a brave House here in Town.

San. I have heard so.

Alon. If she convert it now to pious Uses,
And bid poor Gentlemen welcome.

San. When comes she to it.

Alon. Within these two Days, she is in the Country
yet,
And keeps the noblest House.

San. Then there's some hope of her:
Wilt thou go my way?

Alon. No, no, I must leave you,
And repair to an old Gentlewoman
That has Credit with her; that can speak a good Word.

San. Send thee good Fortune, but make thy Body
sound first.

Alon. I am a Soldier,
And too sound a Body becomes me not;
Farewel, *Sanchio*. [Exeunt.

Enter

Enter a Servant of Michael Perez.

Ser. 'Tis this or that House, or I have lost my Aim,
They are both fair Buildings, she walked plaguy fast.

Enter Estifania.

And hereabouts I lost her; stay, that's she,
'Tis very she——she makes me a low Court'sy,
Let me note the Place, the Street I well remember.

[*Exit.*]

She is in again, certain some noble Lady.
How happy should I be if she loves my Master:
A wond'rous goodly House, here are brave Lodgings,
And I shall sleep now like an Emperor,
And eat abundantly: I thank my Fortune,
I'll back with speed, and bring him happy Tidings.

[*Exit.*]

Enter three old Ladies.

1 *Lady.* What shou'd it mean, that in such haste
We are sent for?

2 *Lady.* Be like the Lady Margaret has some Business
She wou'd break to us in private.

3 *Lady.* It shou'd seem so.
'Tis a good Lady, and a wise young Lady.

2 *Lady.* And virtuous enough too, I warrant ye,
For a young Woman of her Years; 'tis pity
To load her tender Age with too much Virtue.

3 *Lady.* 'Tis more sometimes than we can well away
with.

Enter Altea.

Alt. Good-morrow, Ladies.

All. 'Morrow my good Madam.

1 *Lady.* How does the sweet young Beauty, Lady
Margaret?

2 *Lady.*

Have a Wife.

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2 Lady. Has she slept well after her Walk last Night?

1 Lady. Are her Dreams gentle to her Mind?

Alt. All's well,

She's very well, she sent for you thus suddenly.

To give her Counsel in a Business

That much concerns her.

2 Lady. She does well and wisely.

To ask the Counsel of the Ancientst, Madam,

Our Years have run through many things she knows not.

Alt. She wou'd fain marry.

1 Lady. 'Tis a proper Calling,

And well beseems her Years: Who wou'd she yoke with?

Alt. That's left to argue on, I pray come in
And break your Fast, drink a good Cup or two,
To strengthen your Understandings, then she'll tell ye.

2 Lady. And good Wine breeds good Counsel,
We'll yield to ye.

[Exeunt.]

Enter Juan de Castro, and Leon.

Juan. Have you seen any Service?

Leon. Yes.

Juan. Where?

Leon. Every where.

Juan. What Office bore ye?

Leon. None, I was not worthy.

Juan. What Captains know you?

Leon. None, they were above me.

Juan. Were you never hurt?

Leon. Not that I well remember.

But once I stole a Hen, and then they beat me.

Pray ask me no long Questions, I have an ill Memory.

Juan. This is an As; did you never draw your Sword yet?

Leon. Not to do any harm, I thank Heav'n for't.

Juan. Nor ne'er ta'en Prisoner?

Leon. No, I ran away,
For I had ne'er no Money to redeem me.

Juan.

Juan. Can you endure a Drum?

Leon. It makes my Head ache.

Juan. Are you not valiant when you are Drunk?

Leon. I think not, but I am loving, Sir.

Juan. What a Lump is this Man,
Was your Father wise?

Leon. Too wise for me I'm sure,
For he gave all he had to my younger Brother.

Juan. That was no foolish part I'll bear you witness.

Canst thou lie with a Woman?

Leon. I think I cou'd make shift, Sir,
But I am bashful.

Juan. In the Night?

Leon. I know not,

Darkness indeed may do some good upon me:

Juan. Why art thou sent to me to be my Officer,
Ay, and commended too, when thou dar'st not fight?

Leon. There be more Officers of my Opinion,
Or I am cozen'd, Sir, Men that talk more too.

Juan. How wilt thou 'scape a Bullet?

Leon. Why by chance,

They aim at honourable Men, alas I am none, Sir.

Juan. This Fellow has some Doubts in's Talk that
strike me.

Enter Alonzo.

He cannot be all Fool: Welcome *Alonzo*.

Alon. What have you got there, Temperance into
your Company?
The Spirit of Peace? We shall have Wars.

Enter Cacafogo.

By th' Ounce then. O here's another Pumpion,
Let him loose for Luck sake, the cram'd Son
Of a starv'd Usurer, *Cacafogo*, both their Brains butter'd
Cannot make two Spoonfuls.

Cac.

Caca. My Father's dead: I am a Man of War too,
Monies, Demefns; I have Ships at Sea too,
Captains.

Juan. Take heed o'th' *Hollanders*, your Ships may
leak else.

Caca. I scorn the *Hollanders*, they are my Drunkards.

Alon. Put up your Gold, Sir, I'll borrow it else.

Caca. I am satisfied, you shall not,
Come out, I know thee, meet mine Anger instantly.

Leon. I never wrong'd ye.

Caca. Thou hast wrong'd mine Honour,
Thou look'dst upon my Mistress thrice lasciviously,
I'll make it good.

Juan. Do not heat your self, you will surfeit.

Caca. Thou want'st my Money too, with a pair of
base Bones,

In whom there was no Truth, for which I beat thee,
I beat thee much, now I will hurt thee dangerously.

This shall provoke thee. [He strikes.

Alon. You struck too low by a Foot, Sir.

Juan. You must get a Ladder when you would beat
This Fellow.

Leon. I cannot choose but kick again, pray pardon
me.

Caca. Hadst thou not as'd my Pardon, I had kill'd
thee,

I leave thee as a Thing despis'd. *affoles manus e vestra
finiare a Maistre.* [Exit Cac.

Alon. You have 'scap'd by Miracle, there is not in
all Spain

A Spirit of more Fury than this Fire-drake:

Leon. I see he is hasty, and I wou'd give him leave
To beat me soundly if he wou'd take my Bond.

Juan. What shall I do with this Fellow?

Alon. Turn him off,
He will infect the Camp with Cowardise,
If he go with thee.

Juan. About some Week hence, Sir,
If I can hit upon no abler Officer,
You shall hear from me.

Leon.

Leon. I desire no better.

[*Exeunt.*

Enter Estifania, and Perez.

Per. You have made me now too bountiful amends,
Lady,

For your strict Carriage when you saw me first :

These Beauties were not meant to be conceal'd,

It was a Wrong to hide so sweet an Object,

I cou'd now chide ye, but it shall be thus,

No other Anger ever touch your Sweetness.

Estif. You appear to me so honest, and so civil,

Without a blush, Sir, I dare bid ye welcome.

Per. Now let me ask your Name.

Estif. 'Tis *Estifania*, the Heir of this poor Place.

Per. Poor, do you call it?

There's nothing that I cast mine Eyes upon,

But shews both rich and admirable, all the Rooms

Are hung as if a Princess were to dwell here,

The Gardens, Orchards, every thing so curious.

Is all that Plate your own too?

Estif. 'Tis but little,

Only for present use, I have more and richer,

When Need shall call, or Friends compel me to use it ;

The Suits you see of all the upper Chamber,

Are those that commonly adorn the House ;

I think I have besides, as fair, as civil,

As any Town in *Spain* can parallel.

Per. Now if she be not married, I have some
Hopes.

Are you a Maid?

Estif. You make me blush to answer,

I ever was accounted so to this Hour,

And that's the reason that I live retir'd, Sir.

Per. Then wou'd I counsel you to marry presently,
(If I can get her, I am made for ever)

For every Year you lose, you lose a Beauty,

A Husband now, an honest careful Husband,

Were such a Comfort: Will ye walk above Stairs?

Estif.

Estif. This Place will fit our Talk, 'tis fitter far,
Sir,

Above there are Day-beds, and such Temptations
I dare not trust, Sir.

Per. She is excellent wife withal too.

Estif. You nam'd a Husband, I am not so strict,
Sir,

Nor ty'd unto a Virgin's Solitariness,

But if an honest, and a noble one,

Rich, and a Soldier, for so I have vow'd he shall be,

Were offer'd me, I think I shou'd accept him,

But above all he must love.

Per. He were base else.

There's Comfort ministr'd in the Word Soldier,

How sweetly shou'd I live!

Estif. I am not so ignorant, but that I know well,
How to be commanded,

And how again to make my self obey'd, Sir;

I waste but little, I have gather'd much,

My Rial not the less worth, when 'tis spent,

If spent by my Direction; to please my Husband

I hold it as indifferent in my Duty,

To be his Maid i'th' Kitchen, or his Cook,

As in the Hall to know my self the Mistress.

Per. Sweet, rich, and provident, now Fortune
stick

To me; I am a Soldier, and a Batchelor, Lady,

And such a Wife as you I cou'd love infinitely;

'They that use many Words, some are deceitful;

I long to be a Husband, and a good one,

For 'tis most certain I shall make a Precedent

For all that follow me to love their Ladies,

I am young you see, able I wou'd have you think
too;

If't please you know, try me before you take me.

'Tis true I shall not meet in equal Wealth

With ye, but Jewels, Chains, such as the War

Has given me, a thousand Duckets I dare

Presume on in ready Gold, now as your

Care may handle it, as rich Clothes too as

Any

Any he bears Arms, Lady.

Estif. You are a true Gentleman, and fair, I see by ye,

And such a Man I had rather take.

Per. Pray do so, I'll have a Priest o'th' sudden.

Estif. And as suddenly you will repent too.

Per. I'll be hang'd or drown'd first,
By this, and this, and this Kifs.

Estif. You are a Flatterer,
But I must say there was something when I saw you
First, in that noble Face, that stir'd my Fancy.

Per. I'll stir it better e'er you sleep, sweet Lady,
I'll send for all my Trunks, and give up all to ye,
Into your own dispose, before I bed ye,
And then sweet Wench.

Estif. You have the Art to cozen me. [Exit.

The End of the First Act.



A C T

ACT II. SCENE I.

Enter Margarita, two Ladies, and Altea.

Mar. **S**IT down, and give me your Opinions seriously.

1 Lady. You say you have a Mind to marry, Lady.

Mar. 'Tis true, I have for to preserve my Credit, Yet not so much for that, as for my State, Ladies. Conceive me right, there lies the main o'the Question, Credit I can redeem, Money will imp it, But when my Money's gone, when the Law shall Seize that, and for Incontinency strip me Of all.

1 Lady. Do you find your Body so malicious that way?

Mar. I find it as all Bodies are that are young and lusty, Lazy, and high fed, I desire my Pleasure, And Pleasure I must have.

2 Lady. 'Tis fit you shou'd have, Your Years require it, and 'tis necessary, As necessary as Meat to a young Lady, Sleep cannot nourish more.

1 Lady. But might not all this be, and keep ye single? You take away Variety in Marriage, The Abundance of the Pleasure you are bar'd then; Is't not Abundance that you aim at?

Mar. Yes, why was I made a Woman?

2 Lady. And ev'ry Day a new?

Mar. Why fair and young, but to use it?

1 Lady.

1 *Lady.* You are still i'th' right, why wou'd you marry then?

Alt. Because a Husband stops all Doubts in this Point,

And clears all Passages.

2 *Lady.* What Husband mean ye?

Alt. An Husband of an easy Faith, a Fool, Made by her Wealth, and moulded to her Pleasure; One though he see himself become a Monster, Shall hold the Door, and entertain the Maker.

2 *Lady.* You grant there may be such a Man?

1 *Lady.* Yes marry, but how to bring 'em to this rare Perfection.

2 *Lady.* They must be chosen so, Things of no Honour,

Nor outward Honesty.

Mar. No, 'tis no matter, I care not what they are, so they be lusty.

2 *Lady.* Methinks now a rich Lawyer, some such Fellow,

That carries Credit, and a Face of Awe, But lies with nothing but his Clients Business.

Mar. No there's no trusting them, they are too subtle,

The Law has moulded 'em of natural Mischief.

1 *Lady.* Then some grave Governor,

Some Man of Honour, yet an easy Man.

Mar. If he have Honour I am undone, I'll none such,

I'll have a lusty Man, Honour will cloy me.

Alt. 'Tis fit you shou'd, Lady;

And to that End, with Search, and Wit, and Labour,

I have found one out, a right one and a perfect;

He is made as strong as Brass, is of brave Years too,

And doughty of Complexion.

Mar. Is he a Gentleman?

Alt. Yes, and a Soldier, as gentle as you wou'd wish him,

A good Fellow, wears good Clothes.

Mar. Those I'll allow him,

They

They are for my Credit, does he understand
But little?

Alt. Very little.

Mar. 'Tis the better.

Have not the Wars bred him up to Anger?

Alt. No, he will not quarrel with a Dog that bites
him,

Let him be drunk or sober, is one Silence.

Mar. H'as no Capacity what Honour is?
For that's the Soldier's God.

Alt. Honour's a Thing too subtle for his Wisdom;
If Honour lie in eating, he is right honourable.

Mar. Is he so goodly a Man, do you say?

Alt. As you shall see, Lady,
But to all, this is but a Trunk.

Mar. I wou'd have him so,
I shall add Branches to him to adorn him.

Go, find me out this Man, and let me see him,

If he be that Motion that you tell me of,

And make no more Noise, I shall entertain him,

Let him be here.

Alt. He shall attend your Ladyship.

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter Juan, Alonzo, and Perez.

Juan. Why thou art not married indeed?

Per. No, no, pray think so,

Alas I am a Fellow of no reckoning,

Not worth a Lady's Eye.

Alon. Wou'dst thou steal a Fortune,

And make none of all thy Friends acquainted with it,

Nor bid us to thy Wedding?

Per. No indeed,

There was no Wisdom in't, to bid an Artist,

An old Seducer, to a Female Banquet;

I can cut up my Pye without your Instructions.

Juan. Was it the Wench I th' Vail?

Per. Balto, 'twas she,

The prettiest Rogue that e'er you look'd upon,

The loving'st Thief.

Juan.

Juan. And is she rich withal too?

Per. A Mine, a Mine, there is no End of Wealth,
Colonel;

I am an Ass, a bashful Fool, pr'ythee Colonel,
How do thy Companies fill now?

Juan. You are merry, Sir,
You intend a safer War at home belike now.

Per. I do not think I shall fight much this Year,
Colonel,

I find my self giv'n to my Ease a little;

I care not if I sell my foolish Company,

They are Things of Hazard.

Alon. How it angers me,

This Fellow at first Sight should win a Lady,

A rich young Wench, and I that have consum'd

My Time and Art in searching out their Subtleties,

Like a fool'd Alchymist blow up my Hopes still?

When shall we come to thy House, and be freely
merry?

Per. When I have manag'd her a little more,

I have an House to entertain an Army.

Alon. If thy Wife be fair, thou wilt have few less
Come to thee.

Per. But where they'll get Entertainment is the
point, Signior.

I beat no Drum.

Alon. You need none but her Taber:

May be I'll march, after a Month or two,

To get me a fresh Stomach. I find, Colonel,

A wantonness in Wealth, methinks I agree not with:

'Tis such a Trouble to be married too,

And have a thousand Things of great Importance,

Jewels, and Plate, and Fooleries molest me,

To have a Man's Brains whimsied with his Wealth:

Before I walk'd contentedly.

Enter Servant.

Serv. My Mistrefs, Sir, is sick, because you are
absent,

She

She mourns and will not eat.

Per. Alas, my Jewel,

Come I'll go with thee: Gentlemen your fair Leaves.

You see I am ty'd a little to my Yoke.

Pray pardon me, wou'd ye had both such loving Wives.

[*Exit* Peter and Servant.

Juan. I thank ye

For your old Boots; never be blank, *Altea*.

Because this Fellow has outstript thy Fortune.

Tell me ten Days hence what he is, and how

The gracious State of Matrimony stands with him.

Come, let's to Dinner, when *Margarita* comes.

We'll visit both, it may be then your Fortune.

[*Exit* Juan.

Enter Margarita, *Altea*, and *Ladies*.

Mar. Is he come?

Alt. Yes, Madam, he has been here this half Hour.

I have question'd him of all that you can ask him.

And find him as fit as you had made the Man.

He will make the goodliest Shadow for Iniquity.

Mar. Have ye search'd him, *Ladies*?

Omnes. Is a Man at all Points, a likely Man.

Mar. Call him in, *Altea*.

[*Exit* *Altea*.

Enter Leon and *Altea*.

A Man of a good Presence, pray ye come this way.

Of a lusty Body, is his Mind so tame?

Alt. Pray ye question him, and if you find him

not

Fit for your Purpose, shake him off, there's no Harm

Done.

Mar. Can ye love a young Lady? How he blushes!

Alt. Leave twirling of your Hat, and hold your

Head up,

And speak to th' Lady.

Leon. Yes, I think I can.

I must be taught, I know not what it means, Madam.

B

Mar.

She

Mar. You shall be taught; and can you when she pleases

Go ride abroad, and stay a Week or two?
You shall have Men and Horses to attend ye,
And Money in your Purse.

Leon. Yes, I love Riding.

And when I am from home I am so merry.

Mar. Be as merry as you will. Can you as chand-

fomly,

When you are sent for back, come with Obedience,
And do your Duty to the Lady loves you?

Leon. Yes sure, I shall.

Mar. And when you see her Friends here,
Or noble Kinsmen, can you entertain

Their Servants in the Cellar, and be busied,
And hold your Peace, what'er you see or hear of?

Leon. 'Twere fit I were hang'd else.

Mar. Let me try your Kisses;

How the Fool shakes! I will not ease ye, Sir.

Beshrow my Heart he kisses wondrous manly;

Can ye do any thing else?

Leon. Indeed I know not;

But if your Ladyship will please to instruct me,
Sure I shall learn.

Mar. You shall then be instructed.

If I should be this Lady that affects ye,

Nay say I marry ye!

Alt. Hark to the Lady.

Mar. What Money have ye?

Leon. None, Madam, nor Friends;
I would do any thing to serve your Ladyship.

Mar. You must not look to be my Master, Sir,
Nor talk of th' House as though you were the

Breeches,

No, nor command in any thing.

Leon. I will not,

Alas I am not able, I have no Wit, Madam.

Mar. Nor do not labour to arrive at any,

'Twill spoil your Head, I take ye upon Charity,

And like a Servant ye must be unto me.

As I behold your Duty I shall love ye,
And as you observe me, I may chance lie with ye,
Can you mark these?

Leon. Yes indeed forsooth.

Mar. There is one thing,
That if I take ye in I put ye from me,
Utterly from me, you must not be saucy,
No, nor at any time familiar with me, I am a
Scarce know me, when I call ye not.

Leon. I will not, alas I never knew my self suffi-
ciently.

Mar. Nor must not now.

Leon. I'll be a Dog to please ye.

Mar. Indeed you must fetch and carry as I ap-
point ye.

Leon. I were to blame else.

Mar. Kiss me again, a strong Fellow,
There is a Vigour in his Lips: If you see me
Kiss any other, twenty in an Hour, Sir,
You must not start, not be offended.

Leon. No, if you kiss a thousand I shall be con-
tented,

It will the better teach me how to please ye.

Alt. I told ye, Madam.

Mar. 'Tis the Man I wish'd for, the less you speak.

Leon. I'll never speak again, Madam,
But when you charge me, then I'll speak softly too.

Mar. Get me a Priest, I'll wed him instantly.
But when you are married, Sir, you must wait
Upon me, and see you observe my Laws.

Leon. Else you shall hang me.

Mar. I'll give ye better Clothes when you deserve
Come in, and serve for Witness.

Omnes. We shall, Madam.

Mar. And then away to the City presently,
I'll to my new House and new Company.

Leon. A thousand Crowns are thine, and I am a
made Man.

Alt. Do not break out so soon.

Leon. I know my time, Wench. *[Exit.]*

Enter Clara, and Estifania with a Paper.

Clara. What, have you caught him?

Estif. Yes.

Clara. And do you find him
A Man of those Hopes that you aim'd at?

Estif. Yes too,
And the most kind Man, and the ablest also

To give a Wife Content, he is sound as old Wine,
And to his Soundness rises on the Palate,

And there's the Man; find him rich too, *Clara.*

Clara. Hast thou married him?

Estif. What dost thou think I fish without a Bait,
Wench?

I bob for Fools: He is mine own, I have him,

I told thee what would tickle him like a Trout;

And as I cast it so I caught him daintily,

And all he has I have stow'd at my Devotion.

Clara. Does they Lady know this? She is coming now
to Town,

Now to live here in this House.

Estif. Let her come,

She shall be welcome, I am prepar'd for her;

She is mad sure if she be angry at my Fortune,

For what I have made bold:

Clara. Dost thou not love him?

Estif. Yes, intirely well,

As long as there he stays and looks no farther

Into my Ends; but when he doubts, I hate him,

And that wise Hate will teach me how to coz'n him:

How to decline their Wives, and curb their Man-
ners,

To put a stern and strong Rein to their Natures,

And holds he is an Ass not worth Acquaintance,

That cannot mould a Devil to Obedience,

I owe him a good turn for these Opinions,

And as I find his Temper I may pay him.

Enter

Enter Perez.

O here he is, now you shall see a kind Man.

Per. My *Estifania*, shall we to Dinner, Lamb?

I know thou stay'st for me.

Estif. I cannot eat else.

Per. I never enter but methinks a Paradise
Appears about me.

Estif. You are welcome to it, Sir.

Per. I think I have the sweetest Seat in Spain,
Wench,

Methinks the richest too, we'll eat i'th' Garden
In one o'th' Arbours, there 'tis cool and pleasant,
And have our Wine cool'd in the running Fountain.
Who's that?

Estif. A Friend of mine, Sir.

Per. Of what Breeding?

Estif. A Gentlewoman, Sir.

Per. What Business has she?

Is she a learned Woman i'th' Mathematicks,
Can she tell Fortunes?

Estif. More than I know, Sir.

Per. Or has she e'er a Letter from a Kinswoman,
That must be delivered in my Absence, Wife,
Or comes she from the Doctor to salute ye,
And learn your Health? She looks not like a Con-
fessor.

Estif. What need all this, why are you troubled,
Sir?

What do you suspect, she cannot Cuckold ye,
She is a Woman, Sir, a very Woman.

Per. Your very Woman may do very well, Sir,
Toward the Matter, for tho' she cannot perform it
In her own Person, she may do it by Proxy,
Your rarest Juglers work still by Conspiracy.

Estif. Cry ye Mercy, Husband, you are jealous
then,
And happily suspect me.

Per. No indeed, Wife.

Estif. Methinks you shou'd not till you have more Cause,

And clearer too: I am sure you have heard say,
Husband,

A Woman forc'd will free her self through Iron,
A happy, calm, and good Wife discontented
May be taught Tricks.

Per. No, no, I do but jest with ye.

Estif. To-morrow, Friend, I'll see you.

Cl. I shall leave ye

Till then, and pray all may go sweetly with ye.

[*Exit.*

Estif. Why where's this Girl? Who's at the Door?

[*Knocking.*

Per. Who knocks there?

Is't for the King you come, ye knock so boisterously?
Look to the Door.

Enter Maid.

Maid. My Lady, as I live, Mistress, my Lady's
come,

She's at the Door, I peep't through, and I saw her,
And a stately Company of Ladies with her.

Estif. This was a Week too soon, but I must meet
with her,

And set a new Wheel going, and a subtle one,
Must blind this mighty *Mars*, or I am ruin'd.

Per. What are they at Door?

Estif. Such, my *Michael*,

As you may bless the Day they enter'd there,
Such for our good.

Per. 'Tis well.

Estif. Nay, 'twill be better

If you will let me but dispose the Business,

And be a Stranger to it, and not disturb me,

What have I now to do but to advance your For-
tune?

Per. Do, I dare trust thee, I am asham'd I am
angry,

I find

I find thee a wise young Wife.

Esif. I'll wife your Worship
Before I leave ye; pray ye walk by and say nothing.
Only salute them, and leave the rest to me, Sir,
I was born to make ye a Man.

Per. The Rogue speaks heartily,
Her Good-will colours in her Cheeks, I am born to
love her,

I must be gentler to these tender Natures,
A Soldier's rude harsh Words besit not Ladies,
Nor must we talk to them as we talk to
Our Officers; I'll give her way for 'tis for me she
Works now, I am Husband, Heir, and all she has.

Enter Margarita, Leon, Altea, and Ladies.

Who are these, that flouting things, a Woman
Of rare Presence! Excellent Fair; this is too big
For a Bawdy-house, too open seated too.

Esif. My Husband, Lady.

Mar. You have gain'd a proper Man.

Per. Whate'er I am, I am your Servant, Lady.

[Kisses her.]

Esif. Sir, be rul'd now,
And I shall make ye rich; this is my Cousin
That Gentleman dotes on her, even to Death, for how
he observes her.

Per. She is a goodly Woman.

Esif. She is a Mirrour,
But she is poor, she were for a Prince's Side else,
This House she has brought him to as to her own,
And presuming upon me, and upon my Courtsey;
Conceive me short, he knows not but she is wealthy,
Or if he did know otherwise, 'twere all one,
He is so far gone.

Per. Forward, she has a rare Face.

Esif. This we must carry with Discretion, Hus-
band,
And yield unto her for four Days.

Per. Yield our House up, our Goods and Wealth?

Estif. All this is but in seeming,
To milk the Lover on; do you see this Writing,
Two hundred Pounds a Year, when they are married,

Has she sealed to for our good; the Time's unfit now,
I'll shew it you To-morrow.

Per. All the House?

Estif. All, all, and we'll remove too, to confirm him;

They'll into the Country suddenly again

After they are match'd, and then she'll open to him.

Per. The whole Possession, Wife? Look what you do,

A Part o'th' House.

Estif. No, no, they shall have all,
And take their Pleasure too, 'tis for our 'vantage.
Why, what's four Days? Had you a Sister, Sir,
A Niece or Mistress, that requir'd this Courtesy,
And should I make a Scruple to do you good?

Per. If easily it would come back.

Estif. I swear, Sir,
As easily as it came on; is't not Pity
To let such a Gentlewoman for a little Help
You give away no House.

Per. Clear but that Question.

Estif. I'll put the Writings into your Hand.

Per. Well then.

Estif. And you shall keep them safe.

Per. I am satisfied; wou'd I had the Wench so too.

Estif. When she has married him,

So infinite his Love is link't unto her,

You, I, or any one that helps at this Pinch

May have Heav'n knows what.

Per. I'll remove the Goods straight,
And take some poor House by, 'tis but for four Days.

Estif. I have a poor old Friend; there we'll be.

Per. 'Tis well then.

Estif. Go handsome off, and leave the House clear.

Per. Well.

Estif.

Estif. That little Stuff we'll use shall follow after;
And a Boy to guide ye. Peace, and we are made
both.

Mar. Come, let's go in; are all the Rooms kept
sweet,
Wench?

Estif. They are sweet and neat. [Exit Perez.]

Mar. Why where's your Husband?

Estif. Gone, Madam.

When you come to your own he must give Place,
Lady.

Mar. Well, send you Joy, you would not let me
know't,

Yet I shall not forget ye.

Estif. Thank your Ladyship. [Exeunt.]

The End of the Second Act.





ACT III. SCENE I.

Enter Margarita, Altea, and Boy.

Alt. **A**RE you at ease now, is your Heart at rest,
Now you have got a Shadow, an *Umbrella*
To keep the scorching World's Opinion
From your fair Credit.

Mar I am at Peace, *Altea*,
If he continue but the same he shews,
And be a Master of that Ignorance
He outwardly professes, I am happy,
The Pleasure I shall live in, and the Freedom
Without the Squint-eye of the Law upon me,
Or prating Liberty of Tongues, that envy.

Alt. You are a made Woman.

Mar. But if he shou'd prove now
A crafty and dissembling kind of Husband,
One read in Knavery, and brought up in the Art
Of Villany conceal'd.

Alt. My Life, an Innocent.

Mar. That's it I aim at,
That's it I hope too, then I am sure I rule him,
For Innocents are like obedient Children
Brought up under a hard Mother-in-law, a cruel,
Who being not us'd to Breakfasts and Collations,
When they have coarse Bread offer'd 'em, are thank-
ful,
And take it for a Favour too. Are the Rooms
Made ready to entertain my Friends? I long to dance
now,

And

And to be wanton; let me have a Song, is the great
Couch up

The Duke of *Medina* sent?

Alt. 'Tis up and ready.

Mar. And Day-beds in all Chambers?

Alt. In all, Lady,

Your House is nothing now but various Pleasures,

The Galants begin to gaze too.

Mar. Let 'em gaze on,

I was brought up a Courtier, high and happy,

And Company is my Delight, and Courtship,

And handsome Servants at my Will; where's my good

Husband,

Where does he wait?

Alt. He knows his Distance, Madam,

I warrant ye he is busy in the Cellar

Amongst his Fellow-servants, or asleep,

Till your Command awake him.

Enter Leon.

Mar. 'Tis well, *Altea*.

It shou'd be so, my Ward I must preserve him.

Who sent for him, how dare he come uncall'd for,

His Bonnet on too?

Alt. Sure he sees you not.

Mar. How scornfully he looks!

Leon. Are all the Chambers

Deck'd and adorn'd thus for my Lady's Pleasure?

New Hangings ev'ry Hour for Entertainment,

And new Plate bought, new Jewels to give Lustre?

Serv. They are, and yet there must be more and
richer,

It is her Will.

Leon. Hum, is it so? 'tis excellent,

It is her Will too, to have Feasts and Banquets,

Revels and Masques.

Serv. She ever lov'd 'em dearly,

And we shall have the bravest House kept now, Sir;

I must not call ye Master, she has warn'd me,

Nor

Nor must not put my Hat off to ye.

Leon. 'Tis no Fashion,
What though I be her Husband, I am your Fellow,
I may cut first.

Serv. That's as you shall deserve it, Sir.

Leon. And when I lie with her.

Serv. May be I'll light ye,
On the same Point you may do me that Service.

Enter a Lady.

1 Lady. Madam, the Duke *Medina* with some Cap-
tains

Will come to Dinner, and have sent rare Wine,
And their best Services.

Mar. They shall be welcome,
See all be ready in the noblest Fashion,
The House perfum'd, now I shall take my Pleasure,
And not my Neighbour Justice maunder at me.
Go, get your best Clothes on, but till I call ye,
Be sure you be not seen. Dine with the Gentlewo-
men,
And behave your self cleanly, Sir, 'tis for my Credit.

Enter a second Lady.

2 Lady. Madam, the Lady *Julia*.

Leon. That's a Bawd,
A three-pil'd Bawd, Bawd Major to the Army.

2 Lady. Has brought her Coach to wait upon your
Ladyship,
And to be inform'd if you will take the Air this Morn-
ing.

Leon. The neat Air of her Nunnery.

Mar. Tell her no, i'th' Afternoon I'll call on her.

2 Lady. I will, Madam, [Exit.

Mar. Why are not you gone to prepare your self?
May be you shall be Sewer to the Fire Course,
A porly Prefence; *Altea*, he looks lean,
'Tis a wash Knave, he will not keep his Flesh well.

Al.

Alt. A willing, Madam, one that needs no spurring.

Leon. Faith, Madam, in my little understanding,
You had better entertain your honest Neighbours,
Your Friends about ye, that may speak well of ye,
And give a worthy mention of your Bounty.

Mar. How now, what's this?

Leon. 'Tis only to persuade ye,
Courtiers are but tickle things to deal withal,
A kind of March-pane Men that will not last, Ma-
dam,

An Egg and Pepper goes farther than their Potions,
And in a well-built Body, a poor Parsnip
Will play his Prize above their strong Potables.

Mar. The Fellow's mad.

Leon. He that shall counsel Ladies,
That have both Liqueorish and Ambitious Eyes,
Is either mad or drunk, let him speak Gospel.

Alt. He breaks out modestly.

Leon. Pray ye be not angry,
My Indiscretion has made bold to tell ye,
What you'll find true.

Mar. Thou dar'est not talk.

Leon. Not much, Madam,
You have a tie upon your Servant's Tongue,
He dares not be so bold as Reason bids him.
'Twere fit there were a stronger on your Temper.
Ne'er look so stern upon me, I am your Husband,
But what are Husbands? Read the new World's
Wonders,

Such Husbands as this monstrous World produces,
And you will scarce find such Deformities,
They are Shadows to conceal your venial Virtues,
Sails to your Mill, that grind with all occasions,
Balls that lie by you, to wash out your Stains,
And Bills nail'd up with Horns before your Stories,
To rent out last.

Mar. Do you hear him talk?

Leon. I have done, Madam,
An Ox once spoke, as learned Men deliver,
Shortly I shall be such, then I'll speak wonders,

Till

Till when I tie my self to my Obedience.

[Exit.

Mar. First I'll untie my self; did you mark the Gentleman,

How boldly and how saucily he talk'd,
And how unlike the Lump I took him for,
The Piece of ignorant Dow, he stood up to me
And mated my Commands; this was your Providence,

Your Wisdom, to elect this Gentleman,
Your excellent Forecast in the Man, your Knowledge,
What think ye now?

Alt. I think him an Ass still,
'This boldness some of your People have blown
Into him, this Wisdom too with strong Wine,
'Tis a Tyrant, and a Philosopher also, and finds
Out Reasons.

Mar. I'll have my Cellar lockt, no School kept
there.

Nor no Discovery. I'll turn my Drunkards,
Such as are understanding in their draughts,
And dispute learnedly the whyes and wherefores,
To Grass immediately; I'll keep all Fools,
Sober or Drunk, still Fools, that shall know nothing.
Nothing belongs to Mankind, but Obedience,
And such a Hand I'll keep over this Husband.

Alt. He will fall again, my Life, he cries by this
time,
Keep him from Drink, he has a high Constitution.

Enter Leon.

Leon. Shall I wear my new Sute, Madam?

Mar. No, your old Clothes,
And get you into the Country presently,
And see my Hawks well train'd, you shall have
Victuals,

Such as are fit for saucy Palates, Sir,
And Lodgings with the Hinds, it is too good too.

Alt. Good Madam, be not so rough, with Repen-
tance,

You

You see how he's come round again.

Mar. I see not what I expect to see.

Leon. You shall see, Madam, if it please your Ladyship.

Alt. He's humbled;
Forgive, good Lady.

Mar. Well, go get you handsome,
And let me hear no more.

Leon. Have ye yet no feeling?
I'll pinch ye to the Bones then, my proud Lady;

[*Exit.*]

Mar. See you preserve him thus upon my favour,
You know his Temper, tie him to the Grinstone;
The next Rebellion I'll be rid of him,
I'll have no needy Rascals I tie to me,
Dispute my Life; come in and see all handsome.

Alt. I hope to see you so too, I have wrought ill
else.

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter Perez.

Per. Shall I never return to mine own House
again?

We are lodg'd here in the miserable Dog-hole,

A Conjurer's Circle gives Content above it,

A Hawk's Mew is a Princely Palace to it;

We have a Bed no bigger than a Basket,

And there we lie like Butter clapt together,

And sweat our selves to Sauce immediately;

The Fumes are infinite inhabited here too,

And to that so thick, they cut like Marmale,

So various too, they'll pose a Gold-finder.

Never return to mine own Paradise?

Why Wife, I say, why *Estifania*.

Estif. [*within.*] I am going presently.

Per. Make haste, good Jewel,

I am like the People that live in the sweet Islands:

I die, I die, if I stay but one Day more here,

My Lungs are rotten with the Damps that rise,

And I cough nothing now but Scinks of all sorts,

The

The Inhabitants we have are two starv'd Rats,
 For they are not able to maintain a Cat here,
 And those appear as fearful as two Devils,
 They have eat a Map of the whole World up already,
 And if we stay a Night we are gone for Company.
 There's an old Woman that's now grown to Marble,
 Dry'd in this Brick-kiln, and she sits i'th' Chimney,
 Which is but three Tiles rais'd like a House of Cards,
 The true proportion of an old smok'd Sibyl,
 There is a young thing too, that Nature meant
 For a Maid-servant, but 'tis now a Monster,
 She has a Husk about her like a Chesnut
 With Laziness, and living under the Line here,
 And these two make a hollow Sound together,
 Like Frogs, or Winds between two Doors that mur-
 mur:

Enter Estifania.

Mercy deliver me. O are you come, Wife,
 Shall we be free again?

Estif. I am now going.

And you shall presently to your own House, Sir,
 The remembrance of this small Vexation
 Will be Argument of Mirth for ever:
 By that time you have said your Orisons,
 And broke your Fast, I shall be back and ready,
 To usher you to your old Content, your Freedom.

Per. Break my Neck rather, is there any thing here
 to eat

But one another, like a Race of Canibals?
 A piece of butter'd Wall you think it excellent,
 Let's have our House again immediately,
 And pray ye take heed unto the Furniture,
 None be imbezel'd.

Estif. Not a Pin, I warrant ye.

Per. And let 'em instantly depart.

Estif. They shall both,

There's reason in all Courtesies, they must both,
 For by this time I know she has acquainted him,

And

And has provided too, she sent me word, Sir,
And will give over gratefully unto you.

Per. I'll walk i'th' Church-yard,
The Dead cannot offend more than these Living,
An hour hence I'll expect ye.

Estif. I'll not fail, Sir.

Per. And do you hear, let's have a handsome Dinner,

And see all things be decent as they have been,
And let me have a strong Bath to restore me,
I stink like a stall-fish Shambles, or an Oil-shop.

Estif. You shall have all, which some interpret nothing,
I'll send ye People for the Trunks afore-hand,
And for the Stuff.

Per. Let 'em be known and honest,
And do my service to your Nice,

Estif. I shall, Sir,
But if I come not at my hour, come thither,
That they may give you thanks for your fair Courtesy,
And pray ye be brave for my sake.

Per. I observe ye. [Exit.

Enter Juan de Castro, Sancho, and Cacafogo.

San. Thou art very brave.

Cac. I have reason, I have Money.

San. Is Money Reason?

Cac. Yes, and Rhime too, Captain,
If ye have no Money you're an Ass.

San. I thank ye.

Cac. Ye have Manners, ever thank him that has Money.

San. Wilt thou lend me any?

Cac. Not a Farthing, Captain,
Captains are casual things.

San. Why so are all Men, thou shalt have my Bond.

Cac. Nor Bonds nor Fetters, Captain,
My Money is mine, I make no doubt on't.

Juan.

Juan. What dost thou do with it?

Cac. Put it to pious uses,
Buy Wine and Wenches, and undo young Coxcombs
That would undo me.

Juan. Are those Hospitals?

Cac. I first provide to fill my Hospitals
With Creatures of mine own, that I know wretched,
And then I build: Those are more bound to pray
for me:

Besides, I keep th' Inheritance in my Name still.

Juan. A provident Charity; are you for the Wars,
Sir?

Cac. I am not poor enough to be a Soldier,
Nor have I Faith enough to ward a Bullet;
This is no lining for a Trench, I take it.

Juan. Ye have said wisely.

Cac. Had you but Money,
You wou'd swear it Colonel, I had rather drill at
home

A hundred thousand Crowns, and with more Honour,
Than exercise ten thousand Fools with nothing;
A wise Man safely feeds, Fools cut their Fingers.

San. A right State-Usurer, why dost thou not
marry,
And live a reverend Justice?

Cac. Is't not nobler to command a reverend Justice,
than to be one?
And for a Wife, what need I marry, Captain,
When every courteous Fool that owes me Money,
Owes me his Wife too, to appease my Fury?

Juan. Wilt thou go to Dinner with us?

Cac. I will go, and view the Pearl of Spain, the
Orient

Fair One, the rich One too, and I will be respected,
I bear my Patent here, I will talk to her,
And when your Captainships shall stand aloof,
And pick your Noses, I will pick the Purse
Of her Affection.

Juan. The Duke dines there to Day too, the Duke
of Medina.

Cac.

Cac. Let the King dine there,
He owes me Money, and so far's my Creature,
And certainly I may make bold with mine own, Cap-
tain?

San. Thou wilt eat monstrously.

Cac. Like a true born Spaniard,
Eat as I were in *England* where the Beef grows,
And I will drink abundantly, and then
Talk ye as wantonly as *Ovid* did,
To stir the Intellectuals of the Ladies;
I learnt it of my Father's amorous Scrivener.

Juan. If we shou'd play now, you must supply
me.

Cac. You must pawn a Horse Troop,
And then have at ye, Colonel.

San. Come, let's go:
This Rascal will make rare sport; how the Ladies
Will laugh at him?

Juan. If I light on him I'll make his Purse sweat
too.

Cac. Will ye lead, Gentlemen? [Exeunt.

Enter Perez, an Old Woman, and Maid.

Per. Nay, pray ye come out, and let me understand
ye,
And tune your Pipe a little higher, Lady:
I'll hold ye fast: Rub, how came my Trunks open?
And my Goods gone, what Pick-lock Spirit?

Old Wom. Ha! what would ye have?

Per. My Goods again, how came my Trunks all
open?

Old Wom. Are your Trunks open?

Per. Yes, and Clothes gone,
And Chains and Jewels: How she smells like hung
Beef,
The Palsey, and Picklocks, fy, how she belches.
The Spirit of Garlick.

Old Wom. Where's your Gentlewoman?
The young fair Woman?

Per.

Per. What's that to my Question? She is my Wife, and gone about my Business.

Maid. Is she your Wife, Sir?

Per. Yes, Sir; is that wonder?

Is the Name of Wife unknown here?

Old Wom. Is she truly, truly your Wife?

Per. I think so, for I married her;

It was no Vision sure!

Maid. She has the Keys, Sir.

Per. I know she has, but who has all my Goods, Spirit?

Old Wom. If you be married to that Gentlewoman, You are a wretched Man, she has twenty Husbands.

Maid. She tells you true!

Old Wom. And she has cozen'd all, Sir.

Per. The Devil she has! I had a fair House with her,

That stands hard by, and furnisht royally.

Old Wom. You are cozen'd too, 'tis none of hers, good Gentleman.

Maid. The Lady *Margherita*, she was her Servant, And kept the House, but going from her, Sir, For some leud Tricks she plaid.

Per. Plague o' the Devil,

Am I, i'th' full Meridian of my Wisdom, Cheated by a stale Quean! What kind of Lady Is that that owns the House?

Old Wom. A young sweet Lady.

Per. Of a low Stature?

Old Wom. She is indeed but little, but she is wondrous fair.

Per. I feel I am cozen'd;

Now I am sensible I am undone, This is the very Woman sure, that Cousin She told me would intreat but for four days, To make the House hers; I am intreated sweetly.

Maid. When she went out this Morning, that I saw, Sir,

She had two Women at the Door attending, And there she gave 'em things, and loaded 'em;

But

But what they were — I heard your Trunks to open,

If they be yours?

Per. They were mine while they were laden,

But now they have cast their Calves, they are not worth

Owning. Was she her Mistress, say you?

Old Wom. Her own Mistress, her very Mistress, Sir, and all you saw

About and in that House was hers.

Per. No Plate, no Jewels, nor no Hangings?

Maid. Not a farthing, she is poor, Sir, a poor shifting thing.

Per. No Money?

Old Wom. Abominable poor, as poor as we are, Money as rare to her unless she steal it,

But for one civil Gown her Lady gave her, She may go bare, good Gentlewoman.

Per. I am mad now,

I think I am as poor as she, I am wild else,

One civil Sute I have left too, and that's all,

And if she steal that she must flay me for it:

Where does she use?

Old Wom. You may find Truth as soon, Alas, a thousand conceal'd Corners, Sir, she lurks in,

And here she gets a Fleece, and there another,

And lives in Mists and Smokes where none can find her.

Per. Is she a Whore too?

Old Wom. Little better, Gentleman, I dare not say she is so Sir, because

She is yours, Sir; these five Years she has firkt

A pretty Living,

Until she came to serve; I fear he will knock my Brains out for lying.

Per. She has serv'd me faithfully,

A Whore and Thief? two excellent moral Learnings

In one she Saint, I hope to see her Legend.

Have I been fear'd for my Discoveries,

And courted by all Women to conceal 'em;

Have

But

Have I so long studied the Art of this Sex,
 And read the Warning to young Gentlemen?
 Have I profess'd to tame the Pride of Ladies,
 And make 'em bear all Tests, and am I trickt now?
 Caught in mine own nooze? Here's a Ryal left yet,
 There's for your Lodging and your Meat for this
 Week.

A Silk-worm lives at a more plentiful Ordinary,
 And sleeps in a sweeter Box: Farewel great Grand-
 mother,

If I do find you were an Accessary,
 'Tis but the cutting off too smoky Minutes,
 I'll hang ye presently.

Old. Wom. And I deserve it, I tell but truth.

Per. Not I, I am an Ass, Mother. *[Exeunt.]*

*Enter the Duke of Medina, Juan de Castro, Alonzo,
 Sanchio, Cacasago, and Attendants;*

Duke. A goodly House.

Juan, And richly furnish'd too, Sir.

Alon. Hung wantonly, I like that Preparation,
 It stirs the Blood unto a hopeful Banquet,
 And intimates the Mistress free and jovial,
 I love a House where Pleasure prepares Welcome.

Duke. Now Cacasago, how like you this Mansion?
 'Twere a brave Pawn.

Cac. I shall be Master of it,
 'Twas built for my Bulk, the Rooms are wide and spa-
 cious,
 Airy and full of ease, and that I love well,
 I'll tell you when I taste the Wine, my Lord,
 And take the height of her Table with my Stomach,
 How my Affections stand to the young Lady.

Enter Margarita, Altea, Ladies and Servants;

Mar. All welcome to your Grace, and to these Sol-
 diers,
 You honour my poor House with your fair Presence,
 Those

Those few slight Pleasures that inhabit here, Sir,
I do beseech your Grace command, they are yours,
Your Servant but preserves 'em to delight ye.

Duke. I thank ye Lady, I am bold to visit ye,
Once more to bless mine Eyes with your sweet
Beauty,

'T has been a long Night since you left the Court,
For till I saw you now, no Day broke to me.

Mar. Bring in the Duke's Meat.

San. She is most excellent.

Juan. Most admirable fair as e'er I look'd upon,
I had rather command her than my Regiment.

Cac. I'll have a fling, 'tis but a thousand Duckats,
Which I can cozen up again in ten Days,
And some few Jewels to justify my Knavery,
Say, I shou'd marry her, she'll get more Money
Than all my Usury, put my Knavery to it,
She appears the most infallible way of Purchase,
I cou'd wish her a fize or two stronger for the En-
counter,

For I am like a Lion where I lay hold,
But these Lambs will endure a plaguy load,
And never bleat neither, that Sir, time has taught
us,

I am so virtuous now, I cannot speak to her,
The arrant'st shamefac'd Ass, I broil away too.

Enter Leon.

Mar. Why, where's this Dinner?

Leon. 'Tis not ready, Madam,
Nor shall not be untill I know the Guests too.
Nor are they fairly welcome 'till I bid 'em.

Juan. Is not this my *Alfers*? he looks another
thing;

Are Miracles a foot again?

Mar. Why, Sirrah, why Sirrah, you?

Leon. I hear you, saucy Woman,
And as you are my Wife, command your Absence,
And know your Duty, 'tis the Crown of Modesty.

Duke.

Duke. Your Wife?

Leon. Yes, good my Lord, I am her Husband, and I do
And pray take notice that I claim that Honour,
And will maintain it.

Cac. If thou beest her Husband,
I am determin'd thou shalt be my Cuckold,
I'll be thy faithful Friend.

Leon. Peace, Ditt and Dughill,
I will not lose my Anger on a Rascal,
Provoke me more, I'll beat thy blown Body
'Till thou rebound'st again like a Tennis Ball.

Alon. This is miraculous.

Sam. Is this the Fellow
That had the Patience to become a Fool, as I did
A flurried Fool, and on a sudden break,
As if he would shew a Wonder to the World,
Both in Bravery, and Fortune too,
I much admire the Man, I am astonish'd.

Mar. I'll be divorc'd immediately.

Leon. You shall not,
You shall not have so much Will to be wicked,
I am more tender of your Honour, Lady,
And of your Age; you took me for a Shadow,
You took me to gloss over your Discredit,
To be your Fool, you had thought you had found a
Coxcomb.

I am innocent of any foul Dishonour I mean to ye.
Only I will be known to be your Lord now,
And be a fair one too, or I will fall for't.

Mar. I do command ye from me, thou poor Fellow,
Thou cozen'd Fool.

Leon. Thou cozen'd Fool? 'tis not so,
I will not be commanded: I am above ye.
You may divorce me from your Favour, Lady,
But from your State you never shall, I'll hold that,
And then maintain your Wantonness, I'll wink at it.

Mar. Am I brav'd thus in mine own House?

Leon. 'Tis mine, Madam,
You are deceiv'd, I am Lord of it, I rule it, and all
that's in't;

You

You have nothing to do here, Madam ;
But as a Servant to sweep clean the Lodgings,
And at my farther Will to do me Service,
And so I'll keep it.

Mar. As you love me, give way.

Leon. It shall be better,
I will give none, Madam,
I stand upon the ground of mine own Honour,
And will maintain it ; you shall know me now
To be an understanding feeling Man,
And sensible of what a Woman aims at,
A young proud Woman, that has Will to sail with,
An itching Woman, that her Blood provokes too,
I cast my Cloud off, and appear my self,
The Master of this little piece of Mischief,
And I will put a Spell about your Feet, Lady,
They shall not wander but where I give way now.

Duke. Is this the Fellow that the People pointed
at,
For the meer sign of Man, the walking Image ?
He speaks wondrous highly.

Leon. As a Husband ought, Sir,
In his own House, and it becomes me well too ;
I think your Grace would grieve if you were put
to it
To have a Wife or Servant of your own,
(For Wives are reckon'd in the rank of Servants,)
Under your own Roof to command ye.

Juan. Brave, a strange Conversion, thou shalt lead
In chief now.

Duke. Is there no difference betwixt her and you,
Sir ?

Leon. Not now, Lord, my Fortune makes me
ev'n,
And as I am an honest Man, I am nobler.

Mar. Get me my Coach.

Leon. Let me see who dares get it
Till I command, I'll make him draw your Coach
too,

C

And

And eat your Coach, (which will be hard Diet)
That executes your Will; or take your Coach, Lady,
I give you Liberty, and take your People
Which I turn off, and take your Will abroad with
ye,

Take all these freely, but take me no more,
And so farewell.

Duke. Nay, Sir, you shall not carry it
So bravely off, you shall not wrong a Lady
In a high huffing Strain, and think to bear it,
We stand not by as Bawds to your brave Fury,
To see a Lady weep.

Leon. They are Tears of Anger, I beseech ye note
'em, not worth Pity.
Wrung from her Rage, because her Will prevails
not,

She would swoon now if she could not cry,
Else they were excellent, and I shou'd grieve too,
But falling thus, they show nor sweet nor Orient.
Put up, my Lord, this is Oppression,
And calls the Sword of Justice to relieve me,
The Law to lend her Hand, the King to right me,
All which shall understand how you provoke me,
In mine own House to brave me, is this Princely?
Then to my Guard, and if I spare your Grace,
And do not make this Place your Monument,
Too rich a Tomb for such a rude Behaviour,
I have a Cause will kill a thousand of ye, Mercy for-
sake me

Juan. Hold, fair Sir, I beseech ye,
The Gentleman but pleads his own Right nobly.

Leon. He that dares strike against the Husband's
freedom,
The Husband's Curse stick to him, a tam'd Cuckold,
His Wife be fair and young, but most dishonest,
Most impudent, and have no feeling of it,
No Conscience to reclaim her from a Monster,
Let her lie by him like a flattering Ruin,
And at one instant kill both Name and Honour,

Let

Let him be lost, no Eye to weep his end,
Nor find no Earth that's base enough to bury him.
Now Sir, fall on, I am ready to oppose ye.

Duke. I have better thought, I pray, Sir, use your
Wife well.

Leon. Mine own Humanity will teach me that,
Sir,

And now you are all welcome, all, and we'll to
Dinner,

This is my Wedding-Day.

Duke. I'll cross your Joy yet.

Juan. I have seen a Miracle, hold thine own, Sol-
dier,

Sure they dare fight in Fire that conquer Women.

San. H'as beaten all my loose Thoughts out of
me,

As if he had thresh'd 'em out o'th' Husk,

Enter Perez.

Per. 'Save ye, which is the Lady of the House?

Leon. That's she, Sir, that pretty Lady,

If you wou'd speak with her.

Juan. Don Michael, Leon, another Darer come.

Per. Pray do not know me, I am full of Busi-
ness,

When I have more time I'll be merry with ye.

It is the Woman. Good Madam, tell me truly,

Had you a Maid call'd *Esifania*?

Mar. Yes truly, had I.

Per. Was she a Maid do you think?

Mar. I dare not swear for her, —

For she had but a scant Fame.

Per. Was she your Kinswoman?

Mar. Not that I ever knew; now I look better

I think you married her, 'give you joy, Sir,

You may reclaim her, 'twas a wild young Girl.

Per. Give me a Halter: Is not this House mine,
Madam?

Was not the Owner of it? pray speak truly.

Mar. No, certainly, I am sure my Money paid for it,

And I ne'er remember yet I gave it you, Sir,

Per. The Hangings and the Plate too?

Mar. All are mine, Sir,

And every thing you see about the Building,

She only kept my House when I was absent,

And so ill kept it, I was weary of her.

San. What a Devil ails he?

Juan. He's posselt, I'll assure you.

Per. Where is your Maid?

Mer. Do not you know that have her?

She is yours now, why shou'd I look after her?

Since that first hour I came I never saw her.

Per. I saw her later, wou'd the Devil had had her,

It is all true I find, a Wild-fire take her.

Juan. Is thy Wife with Child, *Don Michael*? Thy excellent Wife.

Art thou a Man yet?

Alon. When shall we come and visit thee?

San. And eat some rare Fruit? Thou hast admirable Orchards,

You are so jealous now, pox o' your Jealousy, How scurvily you look!

Per. Pr'ythee leave fooling, I am in no Humour now to fool and prattle; Did she ne'er play the wag with you?

Mar. Yes many times, so often that I was affham'd to keep her, But I forgave her, Sir, in hope she would mend still,

And had not you o'th' instant married her, I had put her off.

Per. I thank ye, I am blest still, Which way soe'er I turn I am a made Man, Miserable gull'd beyond recovery.

Juan. You'll stay and dine?

Her.

Per. Certain I cannot, Captain :
Hark in thine Ear, I am the arrant'st Puppy,
The miserablest Ass, but I must leave ye,
I am in haste, in haste, bless you good Madam,
And you prove as good as my Wife. *[Exit.]*

Leon. Will you come near, Sir, will your Grace but
honour me,
And taste our Dinner ? You are nobly welcome,
All Anger's past I hope, and I shall serve ye.

Juan. Thou art the stock of Men, and I admire thee.
[Exeunt.]

The End of the Third Act.





ACT IV. SCENE I.

Enter Perez.

Per. I'LL go to a Conjuror but I'll find this Pol-cat,
This pilfering Whore : A plague of Vails, I cry,
And Covers for the Impudence of Women,
Their Sanctity in show will deceive devils.
It is my evil Angel, let me bless me.

Enter Estifania with a Casket.

Estif. 'Tis he, I am caught, I must stand to it
stoutly,

And show no shake of Fear, I see he is angry,
Vext at the uttermost.

Per. My worthy Wife,
I have been looking of your Modesty
All the Town over.

Estif. My most noble Husband,
I am glad I have found ye, for in truth I am weary,
Weary and lame with looking out your Lordship.

Per. I have been in Bawdy Houses.

Estif. I believe you, and very lately too.

Per. 'Pray you pardon me,
To seek your Ladyship, I have been in Cellars,
In private Cellars, where the thirsty Bawds
Hear your Confessions ; I have been at Plays,
To look you out amongst the youthful Actors,
At Puppet-Shows, you are Mistress of the motions,
At Gossippings I hearken'd after you,
But amongst those Confusions of leud Tongues

There's

There's no distinguishing beyond a *Babel*.
I was amongst the Nuns because they sing well,
But they say yours are Bawdy Songs, they mourn
for ye,
And last I went to Church to seek you out,
'Tis so long since you were there, they have forgot
you.

Estif. You have had a pretty Progress, I'll tell mine
now:

To look you out, I went to twenty Taverns.

Per. And are you sober?

Estif. Yes, I reel not yet, Sir,
Where I saw twenty drunk, most of 'em Soldiers,
There I had great hope to find you disguis'd too,
From hence to the Dicing-house, there I found
Quarrels needless and senseless, Swords, and Pots, and
Candlesticks,

Tables and Stools, and all in one Confusion,
And no Man knew his Friend. I left this *Chaos*,
And to the Chirurgeon's went, he will'd me stay,
For says he learnedly, if he be tipled,
Twenty to one he Whores, and then I hear of him;
If he be mad, he quarrels, then he comes too.
I sought you where no safe thing wou'd have ven-
tur'd,

Amongst Diseases, base and vile, vile Women,
For I remember'd your old *Roman* Axiom,
The more the Danger, still the more the Honour.
Last, to your Confessor I came, who told me,
You were too proud to pray, and here I have found
ye.

Per. She bears up bravely, and the Rogue is witty,
But I shall dash it instantly to nothing.
Here leave we off our wanton Languages,
And now conclude we in a sharper Tongue.

Estif. Why am I cozen'd? —
Why am I abused?

Per. Thou most vile, base, abominable —

Estif. Captain.

Per. Thou stinking, oversteu'd, poor, pocky —

Estif. Captain.

Per. Do you Echo me?

Estif. Yes Sir, and go before ye,
And round about ye, why do you rail at me
For that that was your own Sin, your own Kna-
very?

Per. And brave me too?

Estif. You had best now draw your Sword, Cap-
tain?

Draw it upon a Woman, do brave Captain,
Upon your Wife, Oh most renowned Captain.

Per. A Plague upon thee, answer me directly;
Why didst thou marry me?

Estif. To be my Husband;
I had thought you had had infinite, but I'm cozen'd.

Per. Why didst thou flatter me, and shew me Won-
ders?

A House and Riches, when they are but Shadows,
Shadows to me?

Estif. Why did you work on me
(It was but my Part to requite you, Sir)
With your strong Soldier's Wit, and swore you would
bring me

So much in Chains, so much in Jewels, Husband,
So much in right rich Clothes?

Per. Thou hast 'em, Rascal;
I gave 'em to thy Hands, my Trunks and all,
And thou hast open'd 'em, and sold my Treasure.

Estif. Sir, there's your Treasure, sell it to a
Tinker

To mend old Kettles; is this noble Usage?
Let all the World view here the Captain's Treasure,
A Man wou'd think now, these were worthy Mat-
ters;

Here's a Shooting-horn Chain gilt over, how it
scenteth

Worse than the mouldy dirty Heel it served for:

And here's another of a lesser Value,

So little I would shame to tie my Dog in't,

These are my Jointure; blush and save a Labour,

Or these else will blush for ye.

Per. A Fire subtle ye, are ye so crafty?

Estif. Here's a goodly Jewel,

Did not you win this at *Goletta*, Captain,

Or took it in the Field from some brave *Barbar*,

How it sparkles like an old Lady's Eyes;

And fills each Room with Light like a close Lant-

horn!

This wou'd do rarely in an Abby-Window,

To cozen Pilgrims.

Per. Pr'ythee leave prating.

Estif. And here's a Chain of Whittings Eyes for

Pearls,

A Muscle-Monger would have made a better.

Per. Nay, pr'ythee Wife, my Clothes, my Clothes.

Estif. I'll tell ye,

Your Clothes are Parallels to these, all Counterfeit.

Put these and them on, you are a Man of Copper,

A kind of Candlestick; these you thought, my Hus-

band,

To have cozen'd me withal, but I am quick with

you.

Per. Is there no House then, nor no Grounds a-

bout it?

No Plate nor Hangings?

Estif. There are none, sweet Husband,

Shadow for Shadow is as equal Justice.

Can you rail now? Pray put up your Fury, Sir,

And speak great Words, you are a Soldier, Thunder.

Per. I will speak little, I have play'd the Fool,

And so I am rewarded.

Estif. You have spoke well, Sir;

And now I see you are so conformable

I'll heighten you again; go to your House,

They are packing to be gone; you must sup there,

I'll meet ye, and bring Clothes and clean Shirts af-

ter,

And all things shall be well. I'll colt you once more,

And teach you to bring Copper.

Per. Tell me one thing,
I do beseech thee tell, tell me Truth; Wife,
However I forgive thee; Art thou honest?
The Beldam swore.

Estif. I bid her tell you so, Sir,
It was my Plot; alas my credulous Husband,
The Lady told you too.

Per. Most strange thing of thee.

Estif. So 'twas my Way, and all to try your
suff'rance,

And she denied the House.

Per. She knew me not,
No, nor no Title that I had.

Estif. 'Twas well carried;
No more, I am right and straight.

Per. I wou'd believe thee,
But Heav'n knows how my Heart is; will ye follow
me?

Estif. I'll be there straight.

Per. I am fool'd, yet dare not find it.

Estif. Go silly Fool; thou may'st be a good Sol-
dier

In open Field, but for our private Service
Thou art an Ass, I'll make the soy, or miss else.

Enter Cacafogo.

Here comes another Trout that I must tickle,

And tickle daintily, I have lost my End else.

May I crave your leave, Sir?

Cac. Pr'ythee be answered, thou shalt crave no
leave,

I am in my Meditations, do not vex me,

A beaten thing, but this Hour a most bruised thing,

That People had Compassion on it, looked for

The next Sir *Palmerin*, here's fine Proportion,

An Ass and then an Elephant, sweet Justice,

There's no Way left to come at her now, no craving,

If Money cou'd come near, yet I wou'd pay him;

I have

I have a Mind to make him a huge Cuckold,
And Money may do much; a thousand Duckets?
'Tis but the letting Blood of a rank Heir.

Estif. Pray you hear me.

Cac. I know thou hast some Wedding-Ring to pawn
now,

Of Silver and Gilt, with a blind Posy in't,
Love and a Mill-horse thou'd go round together,
Or thy Child's Whistle, or thy Squirrel's Chain,
I'll none of 'em; I wou'd she did but know me,
Or wou'd this Fellow had but use of Money,
That I might come in any way.

Estif. I am gone, Sir,
And I shall tell the Beauty sent me to ye,
The Lady Margarita.

Cac. Stay I pr'ythee,
What is thy Will? I turn me wholly to ye,
And talk now till thy Tongue ake, I will hear ye,

Estif. She would intreat you, Sir.

Cac. She shall command, Sir,
Let it be so, I beseech thee, my sweet Gentlewo-
man,

Do not forget thy self.

Estif. She does command then
This Courtesy, because she knows you are noble.

Cac. Your Mistress by the way?

Estif. My natural Mistress,
Upon these Jewels, Sir, they are fair and rich,
And view 'em right.

Cac. To doubt 'em is an Heresy.

Estif. A thousand Duckets, 'tis upon Necessity
Of present Use, her Husband, Sir, is stubborn.

Cac. Long may he be so.

Estif. She desires withal a better Knowledge of your
Parts and Person,
And when you please to do her so much Honour.

Cac. Come, let's dispatch.

Estif. In troth I have heard her say, Sir,
Of a fat Man she has not seen a sweeter.
But in this Business, Sir.

Cac.

Cac. Let's do it first
And then dispute, the Lady's Use may long for't.
Estif. All Secrecy she would desire, she told me
How wise you are.

Cac. We are not wise to talk thus,
Carry her the Gold, I'll look her out a Jewel,
Shall sparkle like her Eyes, and thee another;
Come pr'ythee come, I long to serve thy Lady,
Long monstrously; now Valour I shall meet ye,
You that dare Dukes.

Estif. Green Goose you are now in Sippets.

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter the Duke, Sanchio, Juan, and Alonzo.

Duke. He shall not have his Will, I shall prevent
him,
I have a Toy here that will turn the Tide,
And suddenly, and strangely, hear Don Juan,
Do you present it to him.

Juan. I am commanded.

[*Exit.*]

Duke. A Fellow founded out of Charity,
And moulded to the height, condemn his Maker,
Curb the free Hand that fram'd him? This must
not be.

San. That such an Oyster-shell should hold a
Pearl,
And of so rare a Price in Prison,
Was she made to be the Matter of her own undo-
ing.

To let a slovenly unweildy Fellow,
Unruly and self-will'd, dispose her Beauties?
We suffer all, Sir, in this sad Eclipse:
She should shine where she might show like her self,
An absolute Sweetness, to comfort those admire her,
And shed her Beams upon her Friends.
We are gull'd all,
And all the World will grumble at your Patience,
If she be ravish'd thus.

Duke.

Duke. Ne'er fear it, *Sanchis*,
We'll have her free again, and move at Court
In her clear Orb. But one sweet Handsomeness
To bless this part of Spain, and have that flubber'd?

Alon. 'Tis every good Man's Cause, and we must stir
in it.

Duke. I'll warrant he shall be glad to please us,
And glad to share too, we shall hear anon
A new Song from him, let's attend a little.

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter Leon, and Juan with a Commission.

Leon. Colonel, I am bound to you for this Noble-
ness,
I should have been your Officer, 'tis true, Sir,
And a proud Man I shou'd have been to have serv'd
you;
'T has pleas'd the King, out of his boundless Favours,
To make me your Companion, this Commission
Gives me a Troop of Horse.

Juan. I do rejoice at it,
And am a glad Man we shall gain your Company,
I am sure the King knows you are newly married,
And out of that Respect gives you more Time, Sir.

Leon. Within four Days I am gone, so he commands
me,
And 'tis not mannerly for me to argue it,
The Time grows shorter still; are your Goods ready?

Juan. They are aboard.

Leon. Who waits there?

Enter Servant.

Serv. Sir.

Leon. Do you hear ho, go carry this unto your
Mistress, Sir,
And let her see how much the King has honour'd me,
Bid her be lusty, she must make a Soldier. [*Exit* Serv.]

Enter

Enter Lorenzo.

Lorenzo, Sir,
Go take down all the Hangings,
And pack up all my Clothes, my Plate and Jewels,
And all the Furniture that's portable,
Sir when we lie in Garrison, 'tis necessary
We keep a handsome Port, for the King's Honour;
And do you hear, let all your Lady's Wardrobe
Be safely plac'd in Trunks, they must along too.

Lor. Whither must they go, Sir?

Leon. To the Wars, Lorenzo,

And you and all, I will not leave a Turn-spit,
That has one Dram of Spleen against a Dutchman.

Lor. Why then St. Jaques hey, you have made us
all, Sir,

And if we leave ye——does my Lady go too?

Leon. The Stuff must go To-morrow towards the
Sea, Sir,

All, all must go.

Lor. Why Pedro, Vasco, Dego,

Come help me, come come Boys, Soldadoes, Com-
rades,

We'll fly these Beer-bellied Rogues, come away
quickly. *[Exit.]*

Juan. H's taken a brave way to save his Honour,
And cross the Duke, now I shall love him dearly,
By the Life of Credit thou art a noble Gentleman.

Enter Margarita, led by two Ladies.

*Leon. Why how now, Wife, what, sick at my Pre-
 ferment?*

This is not kindly done.

Mar. No sooner love ye,

Love ye intirely, Sir, brought to consider
The Goodness of your Mind, and mine own Duty,
But lose you instantly, be divorc'd from ye?

This is a Cruelty, I'll to the King

And

And tell him 'tis unjust to part two Souls,
Two Minds so nearly mix'd.

Leon. By no means, Sweet-heart.

Mar. If he were married but four Days, as I am.

Leon. He wou'd hang himself the fifth, or fly his
Country.

Mar. He wou'd make it Treason for that Tongue
that durst

But talk of War, or any thing to vex him;

You shall not go.

Leon. Indeed I must, sweet Wife;

What, shall I lose the King for a few Kisses?

We'll have enough.

Mar. I'll to the Duke my Cousin, he shall to the
King.

Leon. He did me this great Office.

I thank his Grace for't, should I pray him now

To undo't again? Py, 'twere a base discredit.

Mar. Would I were able, Sir, to bear your Com-
pany,

How willing should I be then, and how merry!

I will not live alone.

Leon. Be in peace, you shall not. [*Knocking within.*]

Mar. What knocking's this? O Heav'n my Head,
why Rascals;

I think the War's begun i'th' House already.

Leon. The Preparation is, they are taking down.

And packing up the Hangings, Plate and Jewels.

And all those Furnitures that shall besit me,

When I lie in Garrison.

Enter Coachman.

Coach. Must the Coach go too, Sir?

Leon. How will your Lady pals to th' Sea else
easily?

We shall find Shipping for't there to transport it.

Mar. I go? alas!

Leon. I'll have a main care of ye,

I know ye are sickly, he shall drive the easier,

And

And all Accommodation shall attend ye.

Mar. Wou'd I were able.

Leon. Come, I warrant ye,

Am not I with ye, Sweet? Are her Clothes packt up,
And all her Linnen? Give your Maids Direction,
You know my time's but short, and I am commanded.

Mar. Let me have a Nurse,
And all such necessary People with me,
And an easy Bark.

Leon. It shall not trot I warrant ye,
Curvet it may sometimes.

Mar. I am with Child, Sir.

Leon. At four days warning? This is something speedy:
Do you conceive as our Jennets do, with a West-Wind:
My Heir will be an arrant fleet one, Lady,
I'll swear you were a Maid when I first lay with ye.

Mar. Pray do not swear, I thought I was a Maid
too,
But we may both be cozen'd in that Point, Sir.

Leon. In such a strait Point sure I cou'd not err,
Madam.

Juan. This is another Tenderness to try him,
Fetch her up now.

Mar. You must provide a Cradle, and what a trouble's that?

Leon. The Sea shall rock it,
'Tis the best Nurse; 'twill roar and rock together,
A swinging Storm will sing you such a lullaby.

Mar. Faith let me stay, I shall but shame ye, Sir.

Leon. And you were a thousand Shames you shall
along with me,
At home I am sure you'll prove a Million.
Every Man carries the Bundle of his Sins
Upon his own Back, you are mine, I'll sweat for ye.

Enter Duke, Alonzo, and Sanchio.

Duke. What, Sir, preparing for your noble Journey?

'Tis well, and full of care.

I saw

I saw your Mind was wedded to the War,
And knew you wou'd prove some good Man for your
Country,

Therefore fair Cousin, with your gentle pardon,
I got this place: What, mourn at his Advancement?
You are to blame, he will come again, sweet Cousin,
Mean time, like sad *Penelope* and Sage,
Among your Maids at home, and Huswifely.

Leon. No Sir, I dare not leave her to that Solitari-
ness,

She is young, and Grief or ill News from those Quar-
ters

May daily cross her; she shall go along, Sir.

Duke. By no means, Captain.

Leon. By all means an't please ye.

Duke. What take a young and tender-body'd Lady,
And expose her to those dangers, and those tumults,
A sickly Lady too?

Leon. 'Twill make her well, Sir,
There's no such Friend to Health as wholsom Travel.

San. Away, it must not be.

Alon. It ought not, Sir,
Go hurry her? It is not human, Captain.

Duke. I cannot blame her Tears, fright her with
Tempests,

With Thunder of the War.

I dare swear if she were able.

Leon. She is most able.

And pray ye swear not, she must go, there's no remedy;

Nor Greatness, nor the Trick you had to part us,

Which I smell too rank, too open, too evident

(And I must tell you, Sir, 'tis most unnoble)

Shall hinder me: Had she but ten hours life,

Nay less, but two hours, I wou'd have her with me,

I wou'd not leave her Fame to so much ruin,

To such a desolation and discredit

As her Weakness and your hot Will wou'd work her to.

Enter

Enter Perez.

What Masque is this now?
More Tropes and Figures to abuse my suff'rance,
What Cousin's this?

Juan. Michael van Owle, how dost thou?
In what dark Barn or Tod of aged Ivy
Hast thou lien hid?

Per. Things must both ebb and flow, Colonel,
And People must conceal, and shine again.
You are welcome hither as your Friend may say, Gen-
tlemen,
A pretty House you see handfomly seated,
Sweet and convenient Walks, the Waters crystal.

Alon. He's certain mad.

Juan. As mad as a French Tailor,
That has nothing in's Head but ends of Fustians.

Per. I see you are packing now my gentle Cousin,
And my Wife told me I should find it so,
'Tis true I do; you were merry when I was last here,
But 'twas your Will to try my Patience, Madam.
I am sorry that my swift occasions
Can let you take your Pleasure here no longer,
Yet I wou'd have you think, my honour'd Cousin,
This House and all I have are all your Servants.

Leon. What House, what Pleasure, Sir, what do you
mean?

Per. You hold the Jest so stiff, 'twill prove discour-
teous;

This House I mean, the Pleasure of this Place.

Leon. And what of them?

Per. They are mine, Sir, and you know it,
My Wife's I mean, and so confer'd upon me.
The Hangings, Sir, I must intreat your Servants,
That are so busy in their Offices,
Again to minister to their right uses,
I shall take view o'th' Plate anon, and Furnitures
That are of under place; you are merry still, Cousin,
And of a pleasant Constitution,
Men of great Fortunes make their Mirths *ad placitum*.

Leon.

Leon. Pr'ythee good stubborn Wife, tell me directly,
Good evil Wife leave fooling and tell me honesty,
Is this my Kinsman?

Mar. I can tell ye nothing.

Leon. I have many Kinsmen, but so mad a one,
And so phantastick—all the House?

Per. All mine,

And all within it. I will not bate ye an ace on't.

Can you not receive a noble Courtesy,

And quietly and handfomly as ye ought, *Coz,*

But you must ride o'th' top on't?

Leon. Canst thou fight?

Per. I'll tell ye presently; I cou'd have done, *Sir.*

Leon. For ye must law and claw before ye get it.

Juan. Away, no Quarrels.

Leon. Now I am more temperate,

I'll have it prov'd if you were never yet in Bedlam,

Never in Love; for that's a Lunacy,

No great State left ye that you never look'd for,

Nor cannot manage, that's a rank Dittemper;

That you were Christen'd, and who answer'd for ye,

And then I yield.

Pen. H'as half persuaded me I was bred i'th' Moon,

I have ne'er a Bush at my Breech; are not we both mad,

And is not this a fantastick House we are in,

And all a Dream we do? Will ye walk out, *Sir?*

And if I do not beat thee presently

Into a sound belief, as Sense can give thee,

Brick me into that Wall there for a Chimney-Piece,

And say I was one o'th' *Cesars*, done by a Seal-cutter.

Leon. I'll talk no more, come we'll away immediately.

Mar. Why then the House is his, and all that's in it;

I'll give away my Skin but I'll undo ye;

I gave it to his Wife, you must restore, *Sir,*

And make a new Provision.

Per. Am I mad now or am I christen'd, you my Pa-

gan Cousin,

My mighty mayhound Kinsman, what quirk now?

You shall be welcome all, I hope to see, *Sir,*

Your Grace here, and my *Coz*, we are all Soldiers,

And

And must do naturally for one another.

Duke. Are ye blank at this? Then I must tell ye, Sir,
Ye have no Command, now ye may go at pleasure
And ride your Afs Troop, 'twas a trick I us'd
To try your Jealousy upon intreaty,
And saving of your Wife.

Leon. All this not moves me,
Nor stirs my Gall, nor alters my Affections:
You have more Furniture, more Houses, Lady,
And rich ones too, I will make bold with those;
And you have Land i'th' *Indies*, as I take it,
Thither we'll go, and view a while those Climates,
Visit your Factors there, that may betray ye,
'Tis done, we must go.

Mar. Now thou art a brave Gentleman,
And by this sacred Light I love thee dearly.
The House is none of yours, I did but jest, Sir,
You are no Coz of mine, al beseech ye vanish,
I tell you plain, you have no more right than he
Has, that senseless thing, your Wife, has once more
fool'd ye:
Go ye and consider.

Leon. Good morrow, my sweet Cousin, I shou'd be
glad, Sir.

Per. By this Hand she dies for't,
Or any Man that speaks for her. [*Exit Perez.*]

Juan. These are fine Toys.

Mar. Let me request you stay but one poor Month,
You shall have a Commission and I'll go too,
Give me but will so far.

Leon. Well, I will try ye:
Good morrow to your Grace, we have private business.

Duke. If I miss thee again, I am an arrant Bungler.

Juan. Thou shalt have my Command, and I'll
march under thee,
Nay be thy Boy before thou shalt be baffled,
Thou art so brave a Fellow.

Alon. I have seen Visions. [*Exeunt.*]

The End of the Fourth Act.

A C T



ACT V. SCENE I.

Enter Leon with a Letter, and Margarita.

Leon. Come hither, Wife, do you know this Hand?
Mar. I do, Sir.

'Tis *Estifania*, that was once my Woman.

Leon. She writes to me here, that one *Cacafogo*,
 An usuring Jeweller's Son, I know the Rascal
 Is mortally fall'n in Love with ye.

Mar. Is a Monster, deliver me from Mountains.

Leon. Do you go a birding for all sorts of People?
 And this Evening will come to ye and shew ye Jewels,
 And offers any thing to get Access to ye;
 If I can make or sport or profit on him,
 (For he is fit for both) she bids me use him,
 And so I will, be you conformable, and follow but my
 will.

Mar. I shall not fail, Sir.

Leon. Will the Duke come again, do you think?

Mar. No sure, Sir,

H'as now no Policy to bring him hither.

Leon. Nor bring you to him, if my Wit hold, fair
 Wife:

Let's in to Dinner.

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter Perez.

Per. Had I but Lungs enough to baul sufficiently,
 That all the Queens in Christendom might hear me,
 That Men might run away from Contagion,
 I had my wish; wou'd it were most High-Treason,

Most

Most infinite high, for any Man to marry,
 I mean for any Man that wou'd live handfomly,
 And like a Gentleman, in his Wits and Credit.
 What torments shall I put her to, *Phalaris* Bull now?
 Pox, they love Bulling too well, tho' they smoke for't.
 Cut her apieces? ev'ry Piece will live still,
 And ev'ry morsel of her will do Mischief;
 They have so many Lives, there's no Hanging of 'em,
 They are too light to drown, they are Cork and Fea-
 thers;
 To burn too cold, they live like Salamanders;
 Under huge heaps of Stones to bury her,
 And so depress her as they did the Giants;
 She will move under more than built old *Babel*.
 I must destroy her.

Enter Cacasago, with a Casket.

Cac. Be cozen'd by a thing of Clouts, a she Moth,
 That ev'ry Silk-man's shop breeds; to be cheated,
 And of a thousand Duckats, by a whim-wham?

Per. Who's that is cheated, speak again thou Vision,
 But art thou cheated? Minister some comfort:
 Tell me directly, art thou cheated bravely?
 Come, prythee come, art thou so pure a Coxcomb
 To be undone? Do not dissemble with me,
 Tell me I conjure thee.

Cac. Then keep thy Circle,
 For I am a Spirit wild that flies about thee,
 And whoe'er thou art, if thou be'st Human,
 I'll let thee plainly know, I am cheated damnably.

Per. Ha, ha, ha.

Cac. Dost thou laugh? damnably, I say, most dam-
 nably.

Per. By whom, good Spirit, speak, speak, ha, ha, ha.

Cac. I will utter, laugh till thy Lungs crack, by a
 rascal Woman,

A leud, abominable, and plain Woman.
 Dost thou laugh still?

Per. I must laugh, prythee pardon me,

I shall

I shall laugh terribly.

Cac. I shall be angry, terrible angry, I have cause.

Per. That's it, and 'tis no reason but thou should'st be angry,

Angry at Heart, yet I must laugh still at thee.

By a Woman cheated? art sure it was a Woman?

Cac. I shall break thy Head, my Valour itches at thee.

Per. It is no matter, by a Woman cozen'd,
A real Woman?

Cac. A real Devil,
Plague of her Jewels and her Copper Chains,
How rank they smell.

Per. Sweet cozen'd Sir, let me see them,
I have been cheated too, I wou'd have you note that,
And leudly cheated, by a Woman also,
A scurvy Woman, I am undone, sweet Sir,
Therefore I must have leave to laugh.

Cac. Pray ye take it,
You are the merriest undone Man in Europe.
What need we Fiddles, Bawdy Songs, and Sack,
When our own Miseries can make us merry?

Per. Ha, ha, ha.
I have seen these Jewels, what a notable Pennyworth
Have you had next your Heart? you will not take, Sir,
Some twenty Ducats?

Cac. Thou art deceiv'd, I will take.

Per. To clear your Bargain now.

Cac. I'll take some ten, some any thing, some halften,
Half a Duckat.

Per. An excellent Lapidary set these Stones sure,
Do you mark their Waters?

Cac. Quick-sand choak their Waters,
And hers that bought 'em too, but I shall find her.

Per. And so shall I, I hope, but do not hurt her,
You cannot find in all this Kingdom,
(If you had need of cozening, as you may have,
For such gross Natures will desire it often,
'Tis at sometime too a fine variety,)

A Woman that can cozen ye so neatly,
She has taken half mine Anger off with this trick. [*Exit.*

Cac.

Cac. If I were valiant now, I wou'd kill this Fellow,
I have Money enough lies by me at a pinch
To pay for twenty Rascals Lives that vex me.
I'll to this Lady, there I shall be satisfied. [Exit.

Enter Leon, and Margarita

Leon. Come, we'll away unto your Country House,
And there we'll learn to live contentedly,
This Place is full of Charge and full of Hurry,
No part of Sweetness dwells about these Cities.

Mar. Whither you will, I wait upon your Pleasure;
Live in a hollow Tree, Sir, I'll live with ye.

Leon. Ay, now you strike a Harmony, a true one,
When your Obedience waits upon your Husband,
And your sick Will aims at the care of Honour;
Why, now I dote upon ye, love ye dearly,
And my rough Nature falls like roaring Streams,
Clearly and sweetly into your Embraces.
O what a Jewel is a Woman excellent,
A Wife, a Virtuous, and a Noble Woman!
When we meet such, we bear our Stamps on both sides.
And through the World we hold our currant Virtues,
Alone we are single Medals, only Faces,
And wear our Fortunes out in useless Shadows,
Command you now, and ease me of that trouble,
I'll be as humble to you as a Servant,
Bid whom you please, invite your noble Friends,
They shall be welcome all, visit Acquaintance,
Go at your Pleasure, now Experience
Has link'd you fast unto the Chain of Goodness.

[Clashing of Swords. A cry within, Down with their
Swords.

What Noise is this, what dismal Cry?

Mar. 'Tis loud too.

Sure there's some Mischief done i'th' Street, look out
there.

Leon. Look out and help.

Enter

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Oh, Sir, the Duke *Medina*.

Leon. What of the Duke *Medina*?

Serv. Oh sweet Gentleman, is almost slain!

Mar. Away, away, and help him, all the House
help. [Exit Servant.]

Leon. How! slain? why *Margarita*,

Why Wife, sure some new Device they have a foot
again,

Some Trick upon my Credit, I shall meet it,

I had rather guide a Ship Imperial

Alone, and in a Storm, than rule one Woman.

Enter Duke, Sanchio, Alonzo, and Servant.

Mar. How came ye hurt, Sir?

Duke. I fell out with my Friend, the noble Colonel,
My Cause was naught, for 'twas about your Honour:

And he that wrongs the Innocent ne'er prospers,

And he has left me thus for Charity;

Lend me a Bed to ease my tortur'd Body,

That ere I perish I may show my Penitence,

I fear I am slain.

Leon. Help Gentlemen, to carry him,

There shall be nothing in this House, my Lord,

But as your own.

Duke. I thank ye, noble Sir.

Leon. To Bed with him, and Wife give your atten-
dance.

Enter Juan.

Juan. Doctors and Surgeons.

Duke. Do not disquiet me,

But let me take my leave in peace.

[Exit Duke, Sanchio, Alon. Marg. Servant.]

Leon. Afore me,

'Tis rarely counterfeited.

D

Juan.

Juan. True, it is so, Sir,
 And take you heed this last Blow do not spoil ye,
 He's not hurt, only we made a scuffle,
 As tho' we purpos'd Anger; that same scratch
 On's Hand he took, to colour all, and draw Compassion,
 That he might get into your House more cunningly.
 I must not stay, stand now, and you're a brave Fellow.

Leon. I thank ye, noble Colonel, and I honour ye.
 Never be quiet? [Exit Juan.]

Enter Margarita.

Mar. He's most desperate ill, Sir,
 I do not think these ten Months will recover him.

Leon. Does he hire my House to play the Fool in,
 Or does it stand on Fairy Ground? we are haunted:
 Are all Men and their Wives troubled with Dreams
 thus?

Mar. What ail you, Sir?

Leon. Nay, what ail you, sweet Wife,
 To put these daily Pastimes on my Patience?
 What dost thou see in me, that I shou'd suffer thus?
 Have not I done my part like a true Husband,
 And paid some desperate Debts you never look'd for?

Mar. You have done handsomly, I must confess, Sir.

Leon. Have I not kept thee waking like a Hawk?
 And watch'd thee with Delights to satisfy thee?
 The very Tithes of which had won a Widow.

Mar. Alas, I pity ye.

Leon. Thou wilt make me angry,
 Thou never saw'st me mad yet.

Mar. You are always,
 You carry a kind of Bedlam still about ye.

Leon. If thou pursu'st me further, I run stark mad,
 If you have more hurt Dukes or Gentlemen,
 To lie here on your Cure, I shall be desperate;
 I know the Trick, and you shall feel I know it.
 Are ye so hot that no Hedge can contain ye?
 I'll have thee let Blood in all the Veins about thee,
 I'll have thy Thoughts found too, and have them
 open'd, Thy

Thy Spirits purg'd, for those are they that fire ye;
The Maid shall be thy Mistress, thou the Maid,
And all those servile Labours that she reach at,
And go through chearfully, or else sleep empty;
That Maid shall lie by me to teach you Duty,
You in a Pallet by to humble ye,
And grieve for what you lose.

Mar. I have lost my self, Sir,
And all that was my base self, Disobedience, [Kneels.
My Wantonness, my Stubbornness I have lost too,
And now by that pure Faith good Wives are crown'd
with,
By your own Nobleness.

Enter Altea.

Leon. I take ye up, and wear ye next my Heart,
See you be worth it. Now what with you?

Alt. I come to tell my Lady,
There is a fulsome Fellow wou'd fain speak with her.

Leon. 'Tis Cacasago, go and entertain him,
And draw him on with hopes.

Mar. I shall observe ye.

Leon. I have a rare design upon that Gentleman,
And you must work too.

Alt. I shall, Sir, most willingly.

Leon. Away then both, and keep him close in some
place

From the Duke's sight, and keep the Duke in too.
Make 'em believe both; I'll find time to cure 'em. [Ex.

Enter Perez, and Estifania, with a Pistol and
a Dagger.

Per. Why how dar'st thou meet me again, thou Re-
bel,
And know'st how thou hast used me thrice, thou Rascal?
Were there not ways enough to fly my Vengeance,
No Holes nor Vaults to hide thee from my Fury,
But thou must meet me Face to Face to kill thee?

I wou'd not seek thee to destroy thee willingly,
 But now thou com'st to invite me,
 And com'st upon me,
 How like a Sheep-biting Rogue taken i'th' manner,
 And ready for the Halter dost thou look now?
 Thou hast a hanging Look, thou scurvy thing, hast
 ne'er a Knife

Nor ever a String to lead thee to *Elysium*?
 Be there no pitiful 'Pothecaries in this Town,
 That have Compassion upon wretched Women,
 And dare administer a Dram of Rats-bane,
 But thou must fall to me?

Estif. I know you have Mercy.

Per. If I had tuns of Mercy thou deserv'st none,
 What new Trick is now afoot, and what new Houses
 Have you i'th' Air, what Orchards in Apparition,
 What canst thou say for thy Life?

Estif. Little or nothing,
 I know you'll kill me, and I know 'tis usefess
 To beg for Mercy, pray let me draw my Book out,
 And pray a little.

Per. Do, a very little,
 For I have farther business than thy Killing,
 I have Money yet to borrow, speak when you are
 ready.

Estif. Now, now, Sir, now, *[Shows a Pistol.]*
 Come on; do you start off from me,
 Do you sweat, great Captain, have you seen a Spirit?

Per. Do you wear Guns?

Estif. I am a Soldier's Wife, Sir,
 And by that Privilege I may be arm'd.
 Now what's the News, and let's discourse more
 friendly,
 And talk of our Affairs in Peace.

Per. Let me see,
 Pry'thee let me see thy Gun, 'tis a very pretty one.

Estif. No, no, Sir, you shall feel.

Per. Hold ye, Villain, what thine own Husband?

Estif. Let mine own Husband then
 Be in's own Wits; there, there's a thousand Duckats,
 Who

Who must provide for you, and yet you'll kill me.

Per. I will not hurt thee for ten thousand Millions.

Estif. When will you redeem your Jewels, I have pawn'd 'em,

You see for what, we must keep touch.

Per. I'll kiss thee,

And get as many more, I'll make thee famous,

Had we the House now

Estif. Come along with me,

If that be vanish'd there be more to hire, Sir.

Per. I see I am an Ass when thou art near me.

Enter Leon, Margarita, and Altea, with a Taper.

Leon. Is the Fool come?

Alt. Yes, and i'th' Cellar fast,

And there he stays his good Hour till I call him,

He will make dainty Musick among the Sack-buts,

I have put him just, Sir, under the Duke's Chamber.

Leon. It is the better.

Alt. Has giv'n me royally,

And to my Lady a whole Load of Portugues.

Leon. Better and better still, go Margarita,

Now play your Prize, you say you dare be honest,

I'll put ye to your best.

Mar. Secure your self, Sir, give me the Candle,

Pass away in Silence.

[*Ex. Leon. and Altea.*

[*Marg. knocks.*

Duke. Who's there, oh, oh!

Mar. My Lord.

Duke. [*within.*] Have ye brought me Comfort?

Mar. I have, my Lord;

Come forth, 'tis I; come gently out, I'll help ye,

Enter Duke, in a Gown.

Come softly too, how do you?

Duke. Are there none here?

Let me look round; we cannot be too wary.

[*Noise below.*

Oh

Oh let me blefs this Hour; are you alone, sweet Friend?

Mar. Alone to comfort you.

[Cacafogo makes a Noise below.]

Duke. What's that you tumble?

I have heard a Noise this half Hour under me,
A fearful Noise.

Mar. The fat Thing's mad i'th' Cellar,
And stumbles from one Hoghead to another,
Two Cups more, and he ne'er shall find the Way out.
What do you fear? come sit down by me chearfully,
My Husband's safe, how do your Wounds?

Duke. I have none, Lady,
My Wounds I counterfeited cunningly, [Noise below.]
And feign'd the Quarrel too, to enjoy you Sweet,
Let's lose no Time. Hark the same Noise again:

Mar. What Noise, why look ye pale? I hear no stirring,

This Goblin in the Vault will be so tipled.
You are not well I know by your flying Fancy,
Your Body's ill at Ease, your Wounds.

Duke. I have none, I am as lusty and as full of
Health,
High in my Blood.

Mar. Weak in your Blood you won'd say;
How wretched is my Case, willing to please ye,
And find you so disable.

Duke. Believe me, Lady.

Mar. I know you will venture all you have to satisfy me,

Your Life I know, but is it fit I spoil ye,
Is it my Love, do you think?

Cac. [below] Here's to the Duke.

Duke. It nam'd me certainly,
I heard it plainly found.

Mar. You are hurt mortally,
And fitter for your Prayers, Sir, than Pleasure.
What Starts you make? I wou'd not kiss you wantonly,

For

For the World's Wealth; have I secur'd my Husband,

And put all Doubts aside, to be deluded?

Cac. [*below.*] I come, I come.

Duke. Heav'n bless me.

Mar. And bless us both, for sure this is the Devil,
I plainly heard it now, he will come to fetch ye.
A very Spirit, for he spoke under Ground,
And spoke to you just as you would have snatch'd
me.

You are a wicked Man, and sure this haunts ye;
Wou'd you were out o'th' House.

Duke. I wou'd I were,
O' that Condition I had leapt a Window.

Mar. And that's the least Leap if you mean to 'scape,
Sir.

Why what a frantick Man were you to come here,
What a weak Man to counterfeit deep Wounds,
To wound another deeper?

Duke. Are you honest then?

Mar. Yes, then, and now, and ever, and excellent
honest,

And exercise this Pastime but to shew ye,
Great Men are Fools sometimes as well as Wretches.
Wou'd you were well hurt, with any hope of Life,
Cut to the Brains, or run clean through the Body,
To get out quietly as you got in, Sir;
I wish it like a Friend that loves ye dearly,
For if my Husband take ye, and take ye thus a Coun-
terfeit,

One that wou'd clip his Credit out of his Honour,
He must kill ye presently,
There is no Mercy nor an Hour of Pity,
And for me to intreat in such an Agony,
Wou'd shew me little better than one guilty.
Have you any Mind to a Lady now?

Duke. Wou'd I were off fair:

If ever Lady caught me in a Trap more——

Mar. If you be well and lusty, fy, fy, shake not,
You say you love me, come, come bravely now,

Despise

Despise all Danger, I am ready for ye.

Duke. She mocks my Misery; thou cruel Lady.

Mar. Thou cruel Lord, wou'dst thou betray my Honesty,

Betray it in mine own House, wrong my Husband,
Like a Night Thief, thou dar'st not name by Day-
light?

Duke. I am most miserable.

Mar. You are indeed,

And like a foolish thing you have made your self to:

Cou'd not your own Discretion tell ye, Sir,

When I was married I was none of yours?

Your Eyes were then commanded to look off me,

And I now stand in a Circle and secure,

Your Spells nor Pow'r can never reach my Body;

Mark me but this, and then, Sir, be most miserable,

'Tis Sacrilege to violate a Wedlock,

You rob two Temples, make yourself twice guilty,

You ruin hers, and spot her noble Husband's.

Duke. Let me be gone, I'll never more attempt
ye.

Mar. You cannot go, 'tis not in me to save ye:

Dare ye do ill, and poorly then shrink under it?

Were I the Duke *Medina*, I would fight now,

For you must fight and bravely, it concerns you;

You do me double Wrong if you sneak off, Sir.

And all the World would say I lov'd a Coward;

And you must die too, for you will be kill'd,

And leave your Youth, your Honour and your State,

And all those dear Delights you worship'd here.

[Noise below.]

Duke. The Noise again!

Cat. [below] Some small Beer if you love me.

Mar. The Devil haunts you sure, your Sins are
mighty.

A drunken Devil too, to plague your Villany.

Duke. Preserve me but this once.

Mar. There's a deep Well

In the next Yard, if you dare venture drowning,

It is but Death.

Duke.

Duke. I wou'd not die so wretchedly.

Mar. Out of a Garret Window I'll let you down then,

But say the rope be rotten, 'tis huge high too.

Duke. Have you no Mercy?

Mar. Now you are frightened throughly,
And find what 'tis to play the Fool in folly,
And see with clear Eyes your detested Folly,
I'll be your Guard.

Duke. And I'll be your true Servant,
Ever from this hour virtuously, to love ye,
Chastly and modestly to look upon ye,
And here I seal it.

Mar. I may kiss a Stranger, for you must now be so.

Enter Leon, Juan, Alonzo, Sanchio, Cacasago, and Altea.

Leon. How do you, my Lord?
Methinks you look but poorly on this matter.
Has my Wife wounded ye? you were well before;
Pray Sir, be comforted, I have forgot all,
Truly forgiv'n too. Wife you are a right one,
And now with unknown Nations I dare trust ye.

Juan. No more feign'd fights my Lord, they never prosper.

Leon. Who's this? the Devil in the Vault?

Alt. 'Tis he Sir, and as lovingly drunk, as though he had studied it.

Cac. Give me a Cup of Sack, and kiss me, Lady,
Kiss my sweet Face, and make thy Husband Cuckold,
An Ocean of sweet Sack: shall we speak Treason?

Leon. He is devilish drunk.

Duke. I had thought he had been a Devil,
He made as many Noises, and as horrible.

Leon. Oh a true Lover, Sir, will lament loudly:
Which of the Butts is your Mistress?

Cac. Butt in thy Belly.

Leon.

Leon. There's two in thine I am sure, 'tis grown so monstrous.

Cac. Butt in thy Face.

Leon. Go carry him to sleep,
A Fool's Love shou'd be drunk, he has paid well for't too.

When he is sober let him out to rail,

Or hang himself, there will be no loss of him.

[*Exeunt Cac. and Servants.*]

Enter Perez, and Estifania.

Leon. Who's this? my Mauhound Cousin?

Per. Good Sir, 'tis very good, wou'd I had a House too,

For there is no talking in the open Air,

My Tarmogant Coz, I wou'd be bold to tell ye,

I durst be merry too; I tell you plainly,

You have a pretty Seat, you have the luck on't,

A pretty Lady too, I have miss'd both,

My Carpenter built in a Mist I thank him,

Do me the Courtesy to let me see it,

See it but once more. But I shall cry for Anger.

I'll hire a Chandler's Shop close under ye,

And for my Foolery, sell Sope and Whip-cord.

Nay if you do not laugh now, and laugh heartily,

You are a Fool, Coz.

Leon. I must laugh a little,

And now I have done, Coz thou shalt live with me,

My merry Coz, the World shall not divorce us,

Thou art a valiant Man, and thou shalt never want:

Will this content thee?

Per. I'll cry, and then I'll be thankful,

Indeed I will, and I'll be honest to ye.

I wou'd live a Swallow here I must confess;

Wife, I forgive thee all if thou be honest,

At thy peril, I believe thee excellent.

Estif. If I prove otherways, let me beg first:

Hold, this is yours, some recompence for Service,

Use it to nobler ends than he that gave it.

Duke.

Duke. And this is yours, your true Commission, Sir.
Now you are a Captain.

Leon. You are a noble Prince, Sir.

And now a Soldier, Gentleman, we all rejoice in't.

Juan. Sir, I shall wait upon you through all Fortunes.

Alon. And I.

Alt. And I must needs attend my Mistress.

Leon. Will you go, Sister?

Alt. Yes indeed, good Brother,
I have two Ties, mine own Blood,
And my Mistress.

Mar. Is she your Sister?

Leon. Yes indeed, good Wife,
And my best Sister,
For she prov'd so, Wench,
When she deceiv'd you with a loving Husband.

Alt. I wou'd not deal so truly for a Stranger.

Mar. Well I cou'd chide ye,
But it must be lovingly, and like a Sister:
I'll bring you on your way, and feast ye nobly,
For now I have an honest Heart to love ye,
And then deliver you to the blue Neptune.

Juan. Your Colours you must wear, and wear 'em
proudly,
Wear 'em before the Bullet, and in Blood too.
And all the World shall know
We are Virtue's Servants.

Duke. *And all the World shall know, a noble Mind
Makes Women Beautiful, and Envy Blind.* [Exeunt

The End of the Fifth Act.



EPILOGUE.

GOOD Night our worthy Friends, and may you part
Each with as merry and as free a Heart
As you came hither; to those noble Eyes,
That deign to smile on our poor Faculties,
And give a Blessing to our labouring Ends,
As we hope many, to such Fortune sends
Their own Desires, Wives fair as Light, as chaste;
To those that live by Spite, Wives made in haste,

F I N I S.



